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Contents

The Week 80

Editorials

The Consequences of Non-Coöperation? 83
Mass-Production Poverty 86

General Articles

"As an Example to Other Nations"....John Dewey 88
Upton Sinclair.....Lawrence S. Morris 90
Ten Nights in a Pullman.....Bruce Bliven 93
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 96
Maya.....Stark Young 97
The Skylark (verse).....W. H. Davies 98
A Fine American Movie.....Gilbert Seldes 98
Garden Waters (verse).....Robert Penn Warren 99

Correspondence 100

Reviews of Books

The Case against Time.....Lewis Mumford 102
The Tennessee Poets.....Edmund Wilson 103
On the Road toward Industrial Science.....
.....E. C. Lindeman 104
Carlyle at the Turn.....S. K. R. 105
"The Bonney Family".....D. B. Woolsey 106

The Week

SENATOR Borah, with his usual keen eye for sound causes which are not popular, has introduced into the Senate a resolution in favor of an international conference to codify maritime law. The resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and will, so it is stated, be favorably reported from that committee. Senator Borah's resolution is confined to an expression of opinion by the Senate that such a conference would serve a useful purpose. If the project is to be carried out, it will have to be taken over by the President and the State Department. Apparently there is some prospect that the Executive may adopt the Senate's suggestion. The object which Mr. Borah has in mind is indicated by the provision that the proposed conference shall convene before the date, in 1931, of the next Naval Conference. His assumption is that if the ambiguities which now exist in maritime law can be removed before the assembling of that Conference, it will encounter fewer difficulties in negotiating an agreement for the further limitation of naval armaments.

THE New Republic was, we believe, the first and for a while the only journal in the United States which emphasized the relation between the difficulties and final failure of the Geneva Conference and the present chaotic conditions of maritime law. We suggested many months ago the calling of a conference similar to that now proposed by Senator Borah. We sincerely hope, consequently, that such a conference will be proposed by the President who succeeds Mr. Coolidge, if not before. But if such a conference is called, it will not assemble with any brilliant prospect of early success. Maritime law has in the past been a peculiarly fruitful cause of international dissension. After literally centuries of disagreement and debate, the different maritime powers, a few years before the War, came near to the common acceptance of a collection of rules which were embodied in the Declaration of London, but the Declaration was never ratified by Great Britain, and many of its provisions were ignored by the British navy during the War. So chaotic is its present condition, after the precedents established during the War and the reasoning whereby they were justified, that it is doubtful how far there is any maritime law to codify. Then the intrusion of the League of Nations on the international scene has introduced a novel and probably a revolutionary factor into the conditions which have molded the old maritime law; and the Washington Conference, by dividing the high seas, as it practically did, into a British, a Japanese and an American sphere of influence, has introduced another disturbing condition which may have an important effect upon the way in which not only these governments, but France and Italy, will formulate their conception of the rights and obligations of sea power and of neutrals during war.

THE intrinsic difficulty of reaching agreements about the exercise of sea power is, however, far from being any sufficient reason for refusing to make the attempt. American public opinion, unfortunately, is not much interested in the subject. Yet it was violations of what the American government took to be maritime law which involved this country in the War of 1812 and in the Great War,

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and in the long run the security and prosperity of this country and the peace of the world will depend chiefly upon the kind of public law which prevails upon the high seas, and the means whereby the rules are enforced. The threatened competition in naval construction between Great Britain and the United States turns upon a type of vessel which is useful chiefly for commerce destroying, and the competition, if it sets in, is certain to become the more fierce and costly because of the almost unlimited power which a preponderant fleet may now wield over both enemy and neutral commerce. In fact, since the Washington Agreement, the chief function of a fleet is that of protecting or destroying commerce. The battle fleets have been reduced to a purely defensive role, and so far as the relation between the three chief naval powers is concerned, they merely neutralize one another. A fleet of commerce destroyers is now for them the only possible agent of naval aggression. It is necessary, consequently, for the great nations to reach some agreement as to how far and in what ways commerce destruction is to be permitted as an agency of war.

THE program of naval construction which is now proposed by the Naval Committee of the House, limited as it is to fifteen 10,000-ton cruisers, is a great improvement on its predecessor. A program of twenty-five cruisers, to be laid down five a year for five years, was objectionable for one decisive reason. It could be and would have been interpreted as an aggressive program by the British admiralty. With twenty-five cruisers of this class, the American Navy could attack and imperil British commerce in the event of war; and it is, of course, notorious that a successful attack of that kind would be fatal to Great Britain. On the other hand, fifteen cruisers of this class, considering the number of similar vessels which the British admiralty has already built or is building, could dispute the control of the high seas with the British cruisers but could not prevent the British from offering a considerable measure of protection to the British trade routes. The new program is, consequently, not provocative. It accepts for the time being inferiority in cruiser tonnage as compared with Great Britain, and something like parity as compared with Japan. If the United States is to maintain a navy at all, and if this navy is to bear any important relation to the range of its maritime interests and to the navies of the other maritime powers, there is a sufficient justification, pending a renewal of negotiations with Japan and Great Britain, for proceeding with a program of this size. The objection of the Federal Council of Churches to the program, reported in the newspapers on Tuesday last, is based on the assumption that all naval armament is wrong. It would count just as strongly in favor of the destruction of the existing battleships as it would against the building of the proposed cruisers.

AUSTRIAN diplomats have been criticizing the treatment which Italy metes out to the German-speaking inhabitants of the Tyrol, who came under the Italian yoke as a result of the War. This criticism is well justified; Mussolini has acted toward the Tyrolese with the mixture of stupidity and malignancy which is customary under the circumstances. He has forbidden them to use their own language, prohibited the native costume and ceremonial observances, and displaced Tyrolese public servants to make room for Italians. Just criticism is, however, no more welcome to its object than unjust; the Roman government has been angered by the speeches of the Austrians, and a serious state of tension exists. Austria, dismembered and disarmed by the Treaty of St. Germain, of course cannot go to war; and probably not even Mussolini would venture to bring down the wrath of all Europe on his head by attacking her. But you never can tell, with Il Duce.

AN EVEN more serious controversy is that between Italy and Hungary, on one side, and France, the Little Entente, and the whole League of Nations, on the other. On New Year's Day, five freight cars full of machine guns were found in Hungary, where they had come from Italy. The charge has been made, and is widely believed in Europe, that this was but one of a series of such shipments, by which Italy is secretly helping Hungary to arm, in violation of the Treaty of Trianon. Formal complaint was made to the Council of the League by the Little Entente, and the Council notified Count Bethlen, the Hungarian Premier, of its intention to investigate. The Count replied by challenging the League's right to interfere. Meanwhile the machine guns have been broken up, and sold for scrap iron. The League, of course, must finish what it has started; if Hungary can defy it successfully, its prestige is ruined. But the League is only as strong as its strongest coalition of great powers, and in this case England is apathetic and Germany is inclined to sympathize with Hungary, having been through somewhat the same experience herself. There remains France as an active influence to force an investigation. But is Italy implicated with Hungary, as seems to be the case despite her *pro forma* denials? If so, shall we see France and Italy at loggerheads? These are the questions which are agitating the chancellories. The situation in the Balkans is so bad today that it is no wonder the diplomats become hysterical when they see storm clouds beginning to gather on the horizon.

THE patient work of the Senate committee is gradually unfolding the story of the three-million-dollar profit of the dummy Continental Trading Company. Fall got $233,000. The Republican National Committee received at least $24,000. James E. O'Neil of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company took $800,000, most of which he subse-

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quently restored to his company. Harry M. Blackmer of the Midwest Refining Company (Standard Oil of Indiana) pocketed $750,000, and kept it. That makes a total of $1,807,000. Where did the other $1,193,000 go? Republican politicians, smarting under the exposure of the fact that Teapot Dome helped pay the Harding campaign deficit, have suggested that some of the money went to the Democratic National Committee, and the Republican newspapers gave the allegation conspicuous space, though it appears to be without any foundation in fact. We trust Senator Walsh and his colleagues will not rest until they have traced down the missing million.

HARRY Sinclair has been sentenced to six months in jail for criminal contempt of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. W. M. Day, his associate, has been given four months, and William J. Burns, erstwhile head of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, fifteen days. Burns' son has been fined $1,000. The sentences grew out of the surveillance of the jury in the Fall-Sinclair conspiracy case, which ended in a mistrial last autumn. Each of the sentences has been appealed, and will presumably be carried to the United States Supreme Court by the defendants if necessary. Sinclair is already under one jail sentence for contempt of the Senate investigating committee. He has been forced to restore Teapot Dome to the government, at heavy expense for which he may or may not be reimbursed; and he is shortly to stand trial a second time, with Fall, for conspiracy. He has undoubtedly suffered some humiliation and loss. But nine-tenths of the pain which would ordinarily accompany such sentences as he has received has been wiped out for him by the actions of the oil industry in general. Its leaders, except John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have never repudiated the deeds of Messrs. Fall, Sinclair, Day, Blackmer and O'Neil. Not one of them has been penalized, as a doctor or lawyer guilty of similar actions would be penalized, through the formal action of his fellows. So far as their public words and acts indicate, the oil men approve of everything which Fall and Sinclair did. It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that these gentlemen continue to regard themselves as innocent victims. They have not contravened the *mores* of their own tribe; and to them, nothing else matters.

IN our opinion, Mr. Glenn Frank, president of the University, did not emerge with any great credit from the controversy which followed the cancelling of Mrs. Bertrand Russell's engagement to speak to the students of Wisconsin. If the students who had offered to give Mrs. Russell an audience decided to change their mind, they had, of course, a perfect right to do so. They were under no obligation to listen to a discussion of marriage from an unconventional point of view unless they liked the idea. But we do not know of any reason why the president of the University, who advertises his own belief in freedom of discussion, should have interfered in order to approve their act and to justify its motives. The students were apparently afraid to have marriage discussed in their presence except by a person who accepted the existing institution as something which it was unwise and unwholesome to challenge. But people who really believe in freedom of discussion are always willing to consider alternative opinions and are opposed to suppressing the public ventilation of a subject merely because such ventilation may lead some weak and erring minds astray. The institution of marriage is no more superior to frank public discussion than the institution of property. The president of a university could not in either instance allow inflammable appeals to break existing laws or to ignore existing conventions to be addressed to the students, but no such question was involved in Mrs. Russell's case. Her opinions about marriage and the sexual relations between men and women are not conventional, but they are not extreme, they are reasonably expressed and they are informed by high understanding of the virtues of loyalty in relations between the sexes and of the obligations of parenthood.

W. R. GREEN, member of the House of Representatives from Iowa, and for the past six years Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, has been appointed by President Coolidge a Judge of the United States Court of Claims, and has accepted the post. Mr. Green, as many readers of the New Republic are aware, is one of the ablest students of taxation questions in the country. He has used his place on the House Ways and Means Committee to fight skillfully and with a large measure of success against the taxation policies of Mr. Mellon and his friends, which are designed to shift an increasing proportion of the tax burden from the shoulders of the rich to those of the poor. Because of this work, Mr. Green was long ago marked for slaughter, by the forces of wealth which he had defied. It is well known that the most desperate efforts have been made in the past, and presumably would have been made in the future, to encompass his defeat in the Iowa district which he represents. It was with the threat of this hanging over him that he was offered the place on the bench. His successor on the Ways and Means Committee will be W. C. Hawley of Oregon, who may be relied upon to jump when Ringmaster Mellon cracks the whip. The forces of organized wealth are untiring and ingenious. If they cannot win one way, they know how to turn to another. Now look out for another attempt to repeal the federal inheritance tax in this session of Congress.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has issued a complaint against Mr. Loree's Kansas City Southern railway, directing it to show cause why it should

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not divest itself of its stock in a competitor, the Missouri-Kansas Texas, which in turn controls the St. Louis Southwestern. This important action signalizes the Commission's decision that it is a violation of the Clayton Anti-trust Law for a railroad to acquire the stock of a competitor in advance of permission by the Commission to consolidate. In this case, the Loree interests not only secured control by stock ownership before a decision on their consolidation plan, but continued to hold the stock and exercise control after permission was denied. If such practices were allowed, the railroads would be generally exempted from the anti-trust laws by the mere existence of the consolidation provision in the Transportation Act, although Congress intended that consolidations should be permitted only in accordance with plans to which the Interstate Commerce Commission should assent. If purchase of controlling interests is allowed without permission, consolidation plans may become merely schemes for making a profit out of dealing in securities and ignoring minority interests, rather than well founded attempts to improve railroad service.

WE ARE interested to learn from a long and indignant editorial in the Atlanta Constitution that the League for Industrial Democracy (the successor to the Intercollegiate Socialist Society) is a "paper organization through which the interests seeking to stop this trek [of cotton mills] to the South may 'officially' hide." It is plain that the Constitution thinks the League a propaganda agent for Northern industrialists, engaged in slandering the South. The occasion of this absurd charge is the publication in pamphlet form, and the distribution by the League of Paul Blanshard's report on "Labor in Southern Cotton Mills." We respectfully call the attention of the Atlanta editor to the fact that the pamphlet was originally published, in reduced form, in the New Republic, and now bears the New Republic imprint. We wonder whether he will assert that this periodical is the organ of New England cotton-mill owners. The latter gentlemen, concerning whom we have frequently had occasion to speak harsh words, would certainly be astonished to hear so. Perhaps this invocation of sectional patriotism was emitted by the Constitution because it could not cite any good authority to disprove Mr. Blanshard's statements of fact, and because it had to discredit, not only Mr. Blanshard, but Bishop James Cannon of Washington, D. C., and a number of representative Southerners who are not satisfied with the extremely low wages and feudal conditions of the Southern mills. Patriotism is not only what Dr. Samuel Johnson said it was, but is the easiest and most deadly resort for carrying on an argument when you cannot make headway by an appeal to reason.

AT the time of the most recent agitation over alleged obscenity on the New York stage, a "padlock law" was passed. It provided that if a play should be adjudged obscene by the municipal authorities, the theater in which it had been presented might be closed for as long as one year. Since the average New York playhouse rents for at least a thousand dollars a week, this meant a fine, levied not against the producer of the play but the owner of the theater, which might be $50,000 or even more. At the time, the New Republic predicted that this law would make the theater owners excessively timid, and that their censorship was likely to be exerted, not against salacious plays but against those which deal honestly with sordid aspects of life. This prediction seems likely to be borne out. The sincere and thoughtful play, "Maya," reviewed by Mr. Stark Young in this issue, has been appearing in a theater controlled by the Shuberts. Though no official ban has been put on the play by the police, the Shuberts feared that such proceedings might be taken, and their theater padlocked. They have, therefore, ordered the play to move out, though Mr. Lee Shubert admits that he finds nothing in it objectionable to his own taste. Other theater owners are likely to be animated by the same caution; and if they are, we shall see the worst possible sort of censorship—that by frightened business men.

The Consequences of Non-Coöperation?

THE New Republic is loath to differ from so fair and reasonable a correspondent as Mr. Alfred Lucking, who discourses on another page of this issue about the attitude which the United States ought to take towards the League of Nations. Whether the United States, by refusing to join the League, is or is not hindering the satisfactory organization of world peace seems to us an extremely debatable question which it would be wise not for the present to ask peremptorily or to answer conclusively. We are not convinced by many of the arguments of the pro-League advocates of the unqualified adhesion to the League by the United States. We are even less convinced by many of the arguments which the anti-Leaguers have used to justify detachment. Although we are, on the whole, inclined to believe that full participation in the League by the United States would delay rather than accelerate the organization of European peace, this measured judgment is based upon reasons which, in somewhat different conditions, would justify us in jumping to the opposite conclusion. We do not look upon isolation as a permanent policy. It is rather a policy which will end by being reversed, but which, while it exists, may have its advantages. There is little or no existing agitation in the United States to reverse the decision of 1919. In the circumstances, and for the present, there is probably more

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to be lost than gained by trying to revive such an agitation.

The pro-Leaguers are justified in insisting upon the impossibility of the permanent detachment of the United States from a European League of Peace. The increasing economic, social and cultural interdependence between the two continents is bound, in the long run, to demand political recognition. The American friends of the League are also right in imputing to American aloofness a considerable responsibility for the instability and apprehensions of contemporary Europe. European peace, as it was shaped at Versailles, assumed the continued participation of the United States, and American withdrawal has jeopardized it. For that very reason the non-participation of the United States in the League is a provocation to readjustment. It is in its effects, if not in its form, a positive act. It will compel European statesmen to seek in Europe itself sanctions for peace which they cannot obtain from America. So far this compulsion has, in our opinion, operated beneficially. The answer to the debatable question depends at present upon different estimates of the kind of changes which Europe is undergoing as a consequence of American non-participation, as compared to the kind of changes which might be expected to result from participation.

These estimates are, at best, more or less plausible guesses, but they are guesses which are enormously influenced by the judgments which are placed upon the existing distribution of power in Europe. According to the New Republic's guess, the successful organization of European peace depends upon a radical modification of the Treaties of Versailles, Trianon, and St. Germain, and it is because of this assumption that we are not intolerant of the temporary aloofness of the United States. If the partnership of the United States with France, Great Britain and the Little Entente, upon which the makers of the Treaty of Versailles counted, had continued, it would have tended to perpetuate and consolidate the political structure of Versailles. On the other hand, the withdrawal of the United States deprives the structure of an essential support, so that its effect has been favorable to reconstruction. Reconstruction by this or any route implies agitation, insecurity and the threat of war, but if there were no peril, no insecurity and no bad conscience, there would be no rebuilding. In spite of all its hazards, such rebuilding is indispensable. The authors of the Versailles Treaty were not justified in imposing on the United States the duty of reënforcing such an unstable contraption. The peace-makers are the men who are trying to reform European public law, not those who are trying to jack up the existing treaties.

The political isolation of the United States is, consequently, acting as an instrument of coercion. It is forcing European governments to deal remedially with the causes of instability instead of merely suppressing the symptoms thereof. It is an extremely effective instrument of coercion, precisely because it was preceded by a brief period of intense intimacy during which the Allies lived on American resources, and because of the increasing economic interdependence of the two continents. The great majority of Americans are not aware of the coercive effort on Europe of non-coöperation. They do not realize that they are acting on Europe quite as profoundly, although very differently, by staying out of the League as by going in. Dogmatic isolationists, in particular, ignore the fact that their policy of non-coöperation is as much responsible for consequences with respect to the future organization of Europe as would be a policy of continued participation. They cannot, however, prevent isolation from producing, in the circumstances, effects of a certain kind. Neither do they realize that effects of this kind, after a sufficient period of accumulation, may gradually force the United States to abandon its aloofness and consider again more circumspectly and as a result of fuller experience the terms of some new political partnership with Europe. For, little by little, Europe is doing away with the faults in its international structure which the Allies, if they could have counted absolutely on American complicity, would, at least for a generation, have felt themselves strong enough to ignore.

Take, for instance, the question of the Rhine frontier. Clemenceau extorted from Mr. Wilson in Paris an American guaranty of security for France from Germany, irrespective of French policy towards Germany; and if that treaty had been signed, Locarno would have been, from the French point of view, entirely unnecessary. Yet Locarno, based as it was on reciprocal obligations and on German coöperation, provided an infinitely better method of quieting the frontier between France and Germany than the Wilson-Clemenceau treaty would have done. This is only one illustration out of many, but it is the most illuminating. European appeasement must at least start with enforceable agreements among European nations themselves to respect one another's security and essential interests. The objector will, of course, argue that the influence of the United States, if it had been exerted from inside the League, would have worked in favor of Locarno and the like. But this retort leaves out of account that France and Great Britain have, since 1916, looked upon the United States primarily as a convenient instrument for accomplishing their egotistical national purposes with respect to Germany, Russia and the other enemy or defeated countries. They were committed by treaties among themselves to many war aims entirely different from those which Mr. Wilson trumpeted to the world. They assumed with some justification that, if the United States entered into a partnership of unlimited liability with European countries, its government should be willing to vindicate the alliance by respecting the pledges and the historic interests of the other partners.

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Mr. Lucking does not, we believe, attach their deserved and proved importance to the dubious but onerous obligations which the United States would have had to assume by continuing its partnership with nations whose policy is determined, as is that of France and Great Britain, by historic antagonisms and binding treaties. If the United States resumed its partnership with its former European associates, it could conceivably, and probably would, do something to ameliorate the lot of the vanquished. It could probably prevent, by some sacrifices on its own part, a repetition of such an incident as the invasion of the Ruhr. It would, nevertheless, be constantly faced by the alternatives of withdrawing again or assuming onerous and dubious responsibilities. As long as the partnership lasted on its only possible terms, the European Allies could allege in support of their policy solemn agreements and powerful interests, whereas the only weapons which the United States could wield in opposition would be scruples and principles. Unless a nation is ready, in the main, to agree with the motives on which its partners are committed to act, there is much to be said for not entering the partnership.

Since January, 1919, American negotiators in Europe have furnished instance after instance of an utter lack of will and equipment successfully to resist, by means of ideas and scruples, decisions which were the natural consequences of the agreements and interests of European governments. Both Mr. Wilson and Colonel House, soon after they reached Paris, began the inevitable process of making the kind of concessions which subsequently and in the mass they could only justify by altering their conception of Germany as an opponent whose case was to be adjudicated, into a culprit who was being indicted and punished. Two of the most dubious clauses in the Treaty—those which concerned the Saar and the Polish corridor—were, in part, written by Americans. Mr. Wilson, in defiance of his proclaimed principles, allowed the reparation total to be settled at an impossible figure. In these and other cases the European point of view almost always overcame American resistance, and usually recruited substantial American support. Very few Americans, in spite of the pledges which Mr. Wilson gave to prevent this kind of thing, have ever felt any moral abhorrence of the injustices of the Treaty of Versailles. Now that it has been in operation for eight years, they have accepted it as part of the established order. They do not recognize or remember the previous violation of good faith and the gross injustice and discrimination. They do not realize how unworkable it has proved to be. The ordinary American attitude towards Europe remains so colonial that, in any American association with Europe which does not arouse into activity positive and specific American interests, educated Americans take pride in being at least as European as the Europeans.

Mr. Lucking inquires why, if Germany, Hungary and Austria have joined the League, an American should justify non-coöperation in the alleged interest of political and economic changes for their benefit. But the relation of Germany plus her former allies to the rest of Europe is entirely different from that of the United States. The addition of the United States to the Entente enabled it to win the victory. The withdrawal of the United States has compromised, as nothing else could, the fruits of that victory. Germany and Hungary could not have remained isolated. They belong to continental Europe and cannot escape from the advantages or penalties of that association. But America is a separate continent, and an American nation can measure according to circumstances the amount of its participation in European economic and political affairs. By withdrawing, the United States merely places the responsibility for the present organization of Europe upon the shoulders of those who fashioned it—viz., upon France, Great Britain and the succession states. Germany and Hungary, by joining the League, did not share this responsibility. They had already been reduced to military impotence and deprived of the power and, so far as possible, of the right, to agitate or to act on behalf of the amelioration of their condition. The only course open to them was to recognize their impotence and to seek in the League what little protection it afforded for the residue of their independence. But while the League is for them a shelter during their period of exposure and adversity, it is not equipped as yet to serve as an agency for the cure of injustices. It cannot legislate except by unanimous consent, which means, of course, that the restoration of any genuine equality of status to the vanquished in the War depends upon voluntary action by the victors. They will not volunteer such action in order to appease the vanquished or in order to satisfy American scruples. The only sufficient motive for doing it is their increasing conviction that the existing organization of Europe is unstable and cannot endure in the absence of American reenforcement.

For the present, consequently, it seems better for the United States to remain detached. The pro-Leaguers will gain nothing by agitating in favor of an explicit reversal of the decision to withdraw. The vice of the war coöperation was the fact that, coming as it did toward the end of an exhausting struggle, the European Allies furnished too many of the liabilities to the partnership and the United States too many of the assets. In order to give a desirable reciprocity to the partnership, there needs to be some voluntary liquidation of European liabilities. That liquidation is now proceeding, and the contribution of the United States as an outsider is likely to be more effectual than as an insider. As an outsider, American opinion can consider each question when it arises on its merits, and unhandicapped by irrelevant agreements and loyalties. The

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citizen of the United States who would like to see his country join the League can work most effectively for progress in that direction by extending American assistance to Europe in liquidating those European liabilities. During the next two years the operation which will be all-important for European peace will be that of transforming German reparations from an instrument of oppression into a debt which Germany can seriously assume and the Allies seriously collect, and the success of this operation undoubtedly depends upon the disinterested assistance of the United States. There is a good chance of uniting intelligent American opinion upon a plan to get rid of reparations and the inter-Allied debts as political issues by one great funding operation. But it will require wise and bold leadership and hearty coöperation on the part of all American well-wishers of Europe. Faced as they are by this task, it would be well for the present to overlook differences on other grounds.

Mass-Production Poverty

MASS production has received high credit for creating the new national wealth of America. It is the goal of nine out of ten industrial reformers in Europe. It reduces costs, it amplifies the effectiveness of labor, it lowers prices and raises wages. Henry Ford is the very type and symbol of mass production. "Fordization" has joined the vocabularies of a dozen languages. We are therefore deeply indebted to Paul U. Kellogg for two discerning articles in the Survey Graphic which lift the gleaming surface of mass production, so that the reader can see its corroded under side—the poverty and insecurity which it has also created, when employed by Ford without much eye to the human stuff which goes into it.

Perhaps half a million people are affected, directly or indirectly, by Ford's employment policies. Between the time when his production of Model T was still at its height—in January, 1926—and the time when his force was at a minimum during the introduction of Model A, about 37,000 employees were laid off from his pay-roll. The chart of employment in the city issued by the Detroit Employers' Association shows a drop in about the same period of approximately 60,000 wage-earners. This figure is not a bad estimate of those affected by the corresponding shut-downs in local supply and equipment plants, as well as in the Ford plants themselves. No one knows how many lost their jobs in other cities, but even 60,000 out of work, at $6 a day, means a loss of $9,000,000 monthly to wage-earners and their families, not to speak of those who sell them groceries, houses and services.

Ford seemed casually to assume, if he thought about it at all, that the "high wages" these people had been receiving when at work would tide them over. Undoubtedly it did, for some, and for a time. But Mr. Kellogg found plenty of evidence in Detroit that this cushion was hardly deep enough to absorb the blow. Small stores, real-estate businesses, banks holding mortgages on homes being purchased on the instalment plan, were all hard hit. The Community Fund had to ask for $600,000 more than the year before, for relief. (Mr. Ford and his family contributed $175,000—as charity—to this fund.) The amount of relief distributed in 1927 was actually larger by more than $1,000,000 than in 1925, and was more than had been given in 1925 and 1926 combined. Last March, the Social Service Division of the municipality was caring for 24,117 persons as against 5,523 in November, 1925. Unemployment was responsible for about 45 percent of the dependency. Banks let overdue payments ride, house-owners allowed rent to go into arrears, merchants extended credit until they had to close. Still families were evicted, and after the limit of doubling-up had been reached, families had to be housed and fed at public expense. People who had used doctors went instead to free clinics—some of these had double or triple the usual number of patients. Children had to be separated from parents and placed in other homes.

Mass production was responsible for the extreme standardization of product which made it fail to keep up with competition and improvement and style, altering the demand. Mass production was responsible for the extreme difficulty and delay in changing special-purpose machinery and processes when it became necessary to change the product. Mass production was responsible for the limited training of hordes of one-operation workers, who could not fill other kinds of jobs in other plants even if such jobs were open. This limited training, in turn, makes it difficult for Mr. Ford to reëmploy some of these men, or to find others suitable, for the more exacting jobs connected with the production of the new car. It is significant that, failing to find enough skilled machinists produced by the modern processes of machine industry, Mr. Ford has had to start a training school of his own. Standardization and simplification of product have led, it seems, to standardization of skill on too simple a level.

It is true that the Ford plants may have to make such a shift not oftener than once in a decade. But next time a competitor may have to follow his example. And mass production, expanded competitively without much regard to the limits of elasticity in the market, and producing constantly increasing quantities with constantly fewer operatives, may easily lead the industry into a general slump, wherein the experience of the Ford workers in the past year will be repeated by the employees of many companies.

We cannot escape some form of mass production. No sensible person would advocate a return to handicrafts or non-specialization in making common necessities. The purpose of looking at this

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corrosive under-surface is to see how it may be managed to the better interest of the workers and the community. It is foolish for manufacturers, as extreme and doctrinaire individuals, to institute forces which lead to chronic unemployment, and then, as members of the community, to adopt the wasteful practice of relieving part of the unemployment through charity, and letting part of it remain unrelieved to cast its dead weight on the markets, the credit structure and industry generally. No farmer would let even his horses starve at times when he could not use them. But because the worker is "free," and may possibly graze on some one else's land, he is turned loose when his job is ended.

The workers collectively have had no way of making their influence felt, or enlisting brains and ingenuity to solve their problems, at all comparable to the brains and ingenuity which have gone into the mechanical side of the enterprise. The Ford Motor Company had built up an immense cash surplus, which enabled Mr. Ford to take care of the interests of the plant and machinery, of the creditors and stock-holders, when the shift was made. Surpluses are ordinarily used to pay dividends and interest when slack times come. In this case Mr. Ford extended its use in the interest of the consumers—and hence of himself—by not charging into the overhead of the new car any of the reserves which he had to spend to change over his plant. But it never occurred to anyone in a position of responsibility that the workers were in the company or in the industry, that they had helped to build that surplus, and that part of it might have been set aside, as it was accumulated, to take care of them when production slackened, just as the plant, the stockholders and the consumers were taken care of. A collective voice by the workers might have made this occur to someone.

Studies by the National Bureau of Economic Research confirm what has previously been indicated—that in the fluctuation between good and bad times the stream of income which goes to stock- and bondholders is steadier, suffers less from reduction, than any other kind of income. Wage-earnings, on the other hand, suffer more than any other kind of income except profits. The point is that out of profits is created the reservoir of surplus to stabilize the flow of payments to investors, though industry secretes no such stabilizing reservoir for labor. In countries where trade-union movements are strong, reservoirs for labor are created by unemployment insurance. They are created in certain industries in this country where trade unions are strong. But, as the Detroit Chamber of Commerce proudly boasts, there are no unions in the automobile industry. And Ford's ingenious experts, who search the world for new ideas in steel or shock absorbers, never had to look for these new ideas (not so new, at that) in creating labor security.

Even the methods adopted by the Ford plants for choosing the men to be laid off and distributing the work among those retained came, as the workers say, "down through the roof." In these relatively simple matters labor's store of desires and experience could not be consulted, labor's consent was not obtained. The executives did the best they could in this respect, improvising from their own limited experience without aid. Their best was little.

The regular unions, with their craft divisions, had been barred out of the industry almost by the very fact of mass production. They are now haltingly attempting to prepare themselves to get back in, by loosening those divisions. But even if they succeed in adapting their structure to the industry, they will be bitterly fought as outlaws. Large-scale industry in the United States does not want to be compelled to face the problems which an authoritative voice of labor would force upon its attention.

The Communists are pinning their hopes on autocratic mass production to stir up a movement among the workers for the complete overthrow of the capitalist control of industry. They count on labor's revolt against monotony and subservience and driving-by-fear in times of industrial activity, and against the severe unemployment crisis which they believe is sure to arise from mass production in an unplanned economic order, as a means of carrying forward a trend toward revolution. Weisbord, who organized the Passaic textile strike, is now in Detroit. The employers are not afraid of him. They do not expect labor trouble. If it should arise, they would probably be glad of his presence, because it would enable them to attribute the trouble to the wicked Russians, and so to keep the power to manage industry as they have been managing it, without consulting labor at all.

It is a question how long labor can be successfully handled as if it were an inert store of mechanical power. It is a question how well American society can endure such handling of labor, even if it is successful for the individual manufacturer. All we can do is to hope that there will be some answer to these questions different from that hitherto given by Fordization, different from that promised us in the future by Weisbord.

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"As an Example to Other Nations"

ON MARCH 9, 1918, Mr. S. O. Levinson published in the New Republic an article entitled "The Legal Status of War." It put forward the first public proposal for the outlawing of war. In April of last year, M. Briand in a public speech stated that "France is willing publicly to subscribe to an engagement with the United States tending to outlaw war (using an American expression) between the two nations." Not long afterwards, he showed that his statement was not a casual, irresponsible remark, by officially transmitting, as Foreign Minister of France, to our own State Department, the suggestion that the two nations should, by solemn compact, completely renounce war as an instrument of policy with respect to each other, binding themselves to settle all disputes of whatever nature by pacific means. A few months ago Secretary Kellogg replied, suggesting a multilateral treaty instead of a bilateral one, and the making of an effort to secure the adherence of all the principal powers.

The immediate effect of this reply was to check the bilateral treaty; the ultimate fate of both proposals now lies on the lap of the gods. But whatever the eventual outcome—and there are good grounds, as we shall see, for hoping that the negotiations have not come to an *impasse*—history records few more dramatic incidents. Within ten years an idea of the most far-reaching character of any ever put forth as to international relations, an idea developed by a private citizen without official connections, one promoted without the backing of any large and well financed organization, and one promptly condemned as utopian, has made its way into responsible negotiations between two great powers. One would have to look far to find a parallel.

The reception of Secretary Kellogg's note by Briand and by the European press has made one fact clear, henceforth written upon the record so plainly that it cannot be effaced. The proposal of a many-sided treaty was declared unwelcome because it conflicted with war-engagements assumed by members of the League of Nations to other nations of the League. Those who objected to the entrance of the United States into the League on the ground that it committed us, under articles Ten and Sixteen, to participation in European wars, and who met with hot denials from friends of the League, may find some satisfaction in the now officially established confirmation of their position.

The New York World will not be suspected of hostility to the League. In its editorial columns of January 12 of this year, speaking of Secretary Kellogg's counter-proposal, it said: "It was suggested that all the nations subscribe to a treaty renouncing war. A more accurate description of this proposal would have been to call it a treaty to renounce the covenant of the League of Nations, the Treaty of Locarno and all the French defensive alliances in Europe. For the whole European political system today is based on the theory *not* of renouncing war as an instrument of policy but of *pledges to wage war* against any nation which disturbs the peace." (Italics not in the original.) It would be impossible to state the situation more accurately. Just what would have happened, however, if any opponent of our entry to the League had drawn this contrast between the American and the European system? The same editorial of the World condemned the Secretary of State's proposal as absurd and amateurish, as a source of irritation, and as leading to a sure fiasco. To quote again from the editorial, "The European idea is to maintain the *status quo* by a general guarantee to make war upon any nation which attacks the *status quo* by force." There are those who will think that Mr. Kellogg's proposal was not inept if it made perfectly clear the fact that the European "idea" is of the sort stated—although there is no reason for supposing that the desire to bring about such a clarification was the intention of his suggestion. From now on, we at least know where Europe stands and where we stand with reference to her commitment by war pledges to the *status quo*.

Nevertheless, I am not willing to think that the European commitment to the war system is so irretrievable that there is a deadlock which makes impossible any systematic coöperation of the United States with Europe in the interest of peace. In an important article by Senator Borah in the New York Times of February 5, he makes some points which seem to have escaped notice. In the first place, he points out that Briand's original proposal would be estopped by the reasoning he employs against a multilateral treaty. For if the United States were to engage in war against a signatory member of the League and the League Council decided our war was unjustifiable, France's obligation to the League would compel her to take up arms against us, and her treaty with us would be a scrap of paper. More important, however, is the constructive point which he makes. Supposing, he argues, that a multilateral treaty were signed not only by the chief powers but also by the lesser nations who are supposed to stand especially in need of guarantees of security. Supposing, further, that some signatory nation violated its treaty compact by attacking a nation which is a member of the League. By every rule of the binding force of contracts, a violation by one party releases other parties from their obligations under its terms. It would be a simple matter to insert a clause to that effect in the multilateral treaty. The

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obligations of the nations which are members of the League would thus be met; they would be free to come to the aid of the nation that was attacked. The United States and other non-League members would be free to take whatever stand they judged desirable under the circumstances. In short, there is a simple way out of the seeming *impasse:* work to make the treaty more, instead of less, inclusive.

It would seem as if the only logical course for France to pursue were to join with the United States in securing as many signatory nations as possible, since a sufficiently wide range of adhering nations would both cover the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policies, and permit nations that are members of the League to carry out all their obligations to it. Such a move, instead of "torpedoing the League," could not fail to strengthen its position. Moreover, such action on the part of France would be wholly in line with Briand's original proposal. For, as Senator Borah reminds us in the article referred to, that proposal suggested that the treaty between France and the United States would serve "as an example to other nations."

In his reply to Mr. Kellogg's proposal to extend the treaty of outlawry of war to other nations, Briand, however, introduced an idea not contained in his first proposal: namely, the outlawing of "aggressive" war. And a considerable portion of American pacific opinion has been inveigled into a belief that definition of what constitutes aggression is the necessary first step, to be followed by an outlawing of the nation which then engages in aggression as that has been defined. This notion has gained such wide currency that League obligations are now frequently spoken of as if they were based on mutual agreement to attack an aggressor nation. This is, however, sheer confusion; there is nothing about an "aggressor nation" in the covenant. Moreover, although the definition is often proposed as a much needed improvement in the idea of outlawing war, it evinces an almost total lack of comprehension of that idea. War is at present an institution legalized under existing international law. To outlaw the institution of war is a radically different thing from outlawing a nation. Use of the latter conception shows that those who employ it are still thinking and talking in terms of legalized war.

The injection of the idea of outlawing "aggressive war"—i.e., of outlawing an aggressor nation—needs to be accounted for. It is not at all hard to find the explanation. The passage already cited from the World reads: "To maintain the *status quo* by a general guarantee to make war upon any nation which attacks the *status quo.*" In this phrase is contained the reality of any definition of "aggression" that would be satisfactory to France. That nation is the aggressor that strongly questions the *status quo;* in other words, that questions the settlements made by the war treaties. The diplomacy of the great European powers is quite adequate to the task of declaring a nation an aggressor which agitated vigorously for their revision, even if it did not take up arms to secure the revision. Under actual conditions, the treaty engagements of France with Poland and Czechoslovakia outside the League, engagements which Briand now urges against the possibility of becoming a party to multilateral treaties, take on a sinister aspect. There can be no doubt of the pious intent of the American group which is so devoted to defining "aggression" as a preliminary to the outlawry of an aggressive nation. But when it is noted that the European *status quo* is that fixed by the Paris war treaties, and that the League is the armed guardian of the settlement thus arrived at, the proposal to make the United States a party to a treaty which outlaws "aggression" is simply, from the European point of view, to make it a party to guaranteeing the results of the war treaties, with all their injustices. I fear the aspirations of the American group are far removed in their conception of "aggression" from the realities of the European situation, as these are used to define "aggression" by France and her allies.

That the reference in the World editorial to guaranteeing by armed force the *status quo* was not ill-considered is made perfectly clear by earlier editorials in that journal. Under the date of December 3 it said: "Substitute the word 'revision' for the word 'aggression' and the words 'maintenance of the Paris treaties' for the word 'security,' and you have the real meaning of this interminable debate." It is accordingly surprising to find the World, together with a section of the American internationally minded group, now supporting Briand's position as against Mr. Kellogg's. In a further editorial of January 13, the World said: "The League, the Locarno treaty and the various alliances are all built on the idea not of renouncing war but of waging war against any nation which disturbs the peace—that is, an aggressor nation." Since the World at least is under no illusions as to the identity in the minds of France and her allies of "disturbing the peace" with striving for revision of the Paris treaties, why is it that the World does not bring its great influence to bear against the Briand injection of aggression? There appears to be but one course for American lovers of peace, namely, to get firmly and unanimously behind Kellogg's proposal for a general treaty of renunciation of war, and thereby execute the spirit of Briand's original idea of setting an example to the nations of the world. If the nations do not intend to embrace the opportunity thus afforded, it can only be because they propose to reserve to themselves the right to use war in promoting their national ambitions. If such be the case, it is just as well to have no treaties which disguise the real situation and which lull lovers of peace into a wholly delusive notion of the prospects of peace.

JOHN DEWEY.

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Upton Sinclair

The Way of the Reformer

I

NO ONE who has watched Upton Sinclair's career without prejudice can fail to recognize that his aim has been both long and high. While still in his early twenties he gave himself no less a mission than the establishing of justice between man and man in America. The world, he found indignantly, was ridden by greed, but if men could be released from the fear of starvation, greed—and injustice—would be banished and love flourish. He offered himself, more than willing to share, or if need be, bear alone the labor of bringing about this change. The least that can be said in the face of his resolve is that there was nothing trivial in it. It was a man's-sized job he gave himself—if not a god's.

The problem before his impassioned eyes was not a new one. It had preoccupied wise men from the earliest times and had usually been given up in despair. But the young Sinclair launched himself against it with tremendous ardor. And never since the day he first sallied out as the scourge of injustice has his enthusiasm chilled. It is difficult not to admire him, and even love him, for the courage with which he has fought a campaign without a single victory. For he has survived an unbroken succession of failures, drawing fresh hope from defeat as other men from triumph. Truly, if zeal alone were enough, he would long since have accomplished his purpose.

II

But persuading a world such as ours, millions of years old in sin, to become just, demands something out of the ordinary in the way of knowledge and skill, as well as mere ardor. It is not enough that the reformer's aim should be idealistic. His job of realizing it, if that can be done at all, is as practical as turning conscripts into soldiers. And it is infinitely more delicate, for while some men are eager to be soldiers, few of us have any burning passion to become just. Yet even the veteran who drills conscripts is required to have been through the same mill in his day, and as a result he knows the recruit better than the poor devil knows himself. An idealistic reformer may protest against being compared with an army sergeant. But though their aims are on different levels, their means are much alike, since both are sculptors working in human material, with a visioned model in their minds. And if either is seduced by his eagerness into ignoring the limitations of his material, he is like a sculptor trying to shape granite with his thumb.

This is why one expects a serious reformer to have at least a working knowledge of men and women as they are, before setting out to change them. Everybody knows that from his conception of God to his taking of a wife, a man is a knotted skein of prejudices. And a reformer's success will ultimately depend on his ability in drawing out those that best suit his purpose. Modern psychology has only rediscovered what story-tellers have always known, that every man is a hypocrite in the presence of his own soul. He sweats to achieve goals which he hides from himself and occasionally succeeds in hiding from others. He has the appearance of a rational being, yet any politician knows the futility of trying to move him by reason. In fact, he is most open to suspicion when he is most convinced that he is acting on principle. And it is this chameleon creature the reformer is boldly engaging to remold.

Considering the confidence with which Sinclair has played the prophet, one naturally assumes that he had prepared himself for this mission. Any sensible person would think it impertinent to start repairing an engine until he understood what was wrong. And if he were a part of the engine, he would begin by discovering his own bias. The reformer, being a part of society, must begin by shedding the prejudices bred in him by his own time and place. For only when he has emptied his mind of what his contemporaries and neighbors take for axioms, will he be able to examine human nature realistically.

Upton Sinclair, surprisingly, did not consider any preparation necessary. When he first appeared in the role of reformer, he was young, inexperienced and naïve. He had lived with books, cherishing a faith in the salvation of the world by poetry. But his ambition as a poet having foundered, his faith was destroyed. Very opportunely he was introduced to the literature of socialism. He abandoned his dream of fame as a poet and charged gallantly at what he now saw to be the true enemy of man. But the picture of the enemy, burning in his mind, had not sprung from his own observations. He had borrowed it enthusiastically from the textbooks of socialism which were circulating at that moment. And this was his first step toward disaster.

The work of any reformer runs normally through three stages, beginning when the contrast between the degradation about him and his vision of the bliss life might be, becomes unendurable. The force of this realization measures his energy in seeking

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a remedy. But before making his choice among the galaxy of remedies that have been proposed, he first has to diagnose the ill, an operation which exacts all the coolness of mind at his command. After this he can begin the practical work of persuading others to accept his choice. Sinclair had reached the second stage, but, not being a thinker, had substituted an act of faith. He embraced a dogma.

III

The dogma he found in those early years was both simple and appealing. It had appeared, in fact, as the natural child of European science and economics in the nineteenth century. Scientists, and particularly the physicists, had assumed that their feet were firm on matter. Matter was something hard and definite they could pick up in their hands, like a marble. The economists had borrowed this childlike conception of matter from the learned physicists. In their own field they were intoxicated by the first ferment of industrial life, so bewildering that it seemed to demand a new interpretation of man. Psychology, as a science, was negligible. And for the first time the notion was accepted among thinkers that the tortuous ways of a man might be completely set out in economic terms. If the physicists had had the idea of matter they hold today, or if the psychologists had known more of psychology, or even if the transformation of farm hands into factory workers had been slower, this notion would never have won the field. But the conditions were ripe. And those, like Karl Marx, who dreamed of a purer society in the future concluded naturally that the cause of all present misery was the unequal distribution of wealth.

The technical terms used in expounding this doctrine gave the impression that it was born of a scientific study. Marx himself had aspired to work scientifically, and his energy in gathering economic facts was amazing. He and his followers would have been shocked if anyone had pointed out to them that behind their theories glowed the vague but tempting picture of the "natural" man, as Rousseau had popularized him. It was supposed that this natural man's heart was pure, and that only the competition of scoundrels kept him from seeking the Good and the True. The scoundrels were explained by the opposite belief of the English economists, that man was a rational creature who invariably followed his interests. The socialist fell back on either assumption, as the argument required.

This mixture of half-truths, cemented incongruously together, became the corner-stone of Upton Sinclair's career. Had he been gifted with a radical mind, he could never have imprisoned himself thus in a dogma, however highly honored. In fact, the respect in which it was held would have made him suspicious of it. But there is no sign in Sinclair's writings that he was ever curious as to what twists in human nature itself might have caused this unjust distribution of wealth. He was satisfied, having found the symptom. Yet he need only have glanced behind the symptom to have realized that his problem was merely one facet of the whole question of justice in human affairs.

Justice between groups of people depends on the capacity for justice in their members. Sinclair's methods naïvely imply that social organizations are things, either good or bad in themselves. But an organization can be studied profitably only as the behavior of individuals. And justice in an individual depends on his ability to be impartial toward situations involving himself. The world pays lip-homage today to the ideal of impartiality set up by scientists. Yet our very education and all of the influences to which we are subjected are designed to make impartiality impossible in our daily lives. Each one of us is trained to be a special pleader, and outside the laboratory objectivity is considered neither possible nor desirable. Bertrand Russell, who has observed the modern chaos with more detachment than Sinclair, has pointed out that the real obstacles to forming a Utopia are not administrative, but psychological. "The hopes of the world must rest," he wrote once, on "the habit of forming opinions on evidence rather than on passion." And though he has not yet suggested any method for training this habit, he has at least indicated the stony soil where justice grows. Unfortunately it cannot be fertilized with battle-cries and indignation.

IV

Having confined himself to one surface of his problem, the changes Sinclair has proposed have naturally been as partial as his diagnosis. He had denied the economics of the capitalist, blithely unaware that he was accepting his psychology. For if he had gone to the pith of his problem, he would have found himself driven to a radical critique of that psychology. He would have been forced to begin a campaign of unlearning, which was a slower job than he wished to tackle. Yet on the basis of that, he might possibly have founded a genuinely revolutionary education for human beings. This, of course, would have required detachment and a point of view which included the whole man. And for such a work a knowledge of psychology would be more useful than a reverence for Karl Marx. The present-day behaviorists, for example, may be wrong in their conclusions, but their laboratory experiments are already eloquent of the complexities any realistic reformer will have to meet in establishing a new culture. By ignoring these complexities Sinclair doomed his own future efforts to be not only limited but futile.

The quarter of a century of energy he has squandered since then has taught him nothing. His mind has remained tied to the mile-post it reached in his twenties. For his curiosity died and he set to

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work. He has collected many instances of his thesis and has varied the literary presentation of his ideas. But there has been no growth within the ideas. At the end of "The Jungle" he could only suggest that the workers take over the packing-houses. Twenty-one years later, at the end of "Oil!" he could only suggest that the workers take over the wells. He has never sounded his own premises, testing, discarding and remolding. Yet this is the only way an intelligence becomes mature. And this explains why he is writing books today with the wealth of detail of a man of fifty and the thoughts of a youth of twenty-five.

V

Writing was the means Sinclair chose to persuade others of the value of his proposals. And in considering him as a writer, this must not be forgotten. However ineffective his reforms were destined to prove, he might conceivably have presented them with such skill that his readers would have become as enamored of them as himself. Many writers whose thinking has been superficial have magnified their influence by their genius as artists.

Sinclair has publicly disclaimed any "literary" merit in his writings, but by literary he has meant false-literary, the elaboration of style for its own sake. It is true he has avoided that. He is to be judged on the ground he himself had the intuition to choose, that words are instruments for affecting readers. This dismisses that tiresome question, which pops up like King Charles' head in every discussion of books by reformers, can propaganda be Art? Propaganda may be art, and art may be propaganda. But the clumsy writer who provokes a jeer when he means to evoke reverence, fails as an artist. And if his art embodies a propaganda, he fails as propagandist as well.

Sinclair's literary activity has been prodigious. His countless articles and forty or more books more than equal the Old and New Testaments combined twice over. In bulk at least he can claim to have written enough to found and nourish several civilizations. And all these millions of words have flowed from his single purpose, to be the realist of the industrial age. He is the self-appointed war correspondent of the socialist party, always present at the latest battle against privilege, and always gathering statistics—with affidavits if possible—for his next book. His personal sincerity is unquestionable. He is as energetic as Roosevelt and as incorruptible as Robespierre.

As a novelist, Sinclair is known chiefly for "The Jungle" and "Oil!" The eight or nine novels which appeared between these two merely illustrate his defects. But "The Jungle" and "Oil!" have led certain admirers, whose enthusiasm outruns their judgment, to compare him with Zola and Tolstoy. When "The Jungle" appeared in 1906, it was undoubtedly the most intensive job of reporting that had ever been done in America. Sinclair had spent only seven weeks in the stockyards, but the reader of this book learns every detail of slaughtering. He followed the bleating and bellowing creatures from the time they were shuffled into their pens until the meat was shipped away. With the same thoroughness he traced the lives of the workers from their forests in Lithuania to their slow deaths from disease, exposure and starvation in the back-alleys of Chicago. The language of the book was stiff and heavy, but the force of its facts made it moving. It is impossible to reread it today without again being stirred to indignation. But unfortunately, Sinclair has hated injustice more than he has loved justice. And consequently he has always been unable to focus his indignation on the important. In "The Jungle" he had wished to rescue the workers from cruelty, but he merely roused the public to a momentary concern in hygiene. It is also impossible to reread "The Jungle" without realizing that its characters were less men and women to Sinclair than figures in a public debate. As descriptive journalism the book is tremendous, but as a novel dealing with human motives it is absurd.

In the many novels he has made out of the struggles between those who hire and those who are hired, Sinclair's treatment of motives is always the same. Faced with bitter injustice, he responds with uncritical fury and hurls himself against the puppets whom chance has thrown to the top of the heap. It was true insight that made him call his picture of the stockyards "The Jungle," but he has never realized the implications of his own title. He singles out the individuals who are the channels of injustice and imagines that they are the cause. He champions those who rebel against injustice and assumes that their motives are rooted in justice. In this way he simplifies the human jungle to a drama between Right and Wrong. But in doing so he attributes to the few a conscious exploitation which is altogether superhuman. And he credits the oppressed with a disinterestedness which is equally superhuman. True, he can always cite the hour and place where the episodes he uses occurred in life, but in the alchemy of his fiction they turn out to be merely a new dressing of an old melodrama. There is a silk-hatted villain the reader can hiss with gusto and a hero whose strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure. A comparison of Paul Watkins, the mouthpiece of social justice, with Vernon Roscoe, the oil-producer, in "Oil!" should expose the trick to any reader. The method includes making the villain odious by other vices, such as lechery and thieving, while the hero remains a medieval knight, lacking only a plume.

Those who are predisposed to believe in this picture of the realities involved will no doubt be confirmed in their belief. To that extent Sinclair is an excellent preacher to the converted. But his purpose is to reach the infidels. And since fiction is his means, he must first make his book convincing as fiction. An intelligent reader, asked to accept

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this ingenuous psychology, is certain to suffer a reaction. If men were as simple as that, he says to himself, it would be just as simple to change them. And though he may have begun a novel by Sinclair with a willingness to be convinced, he closes it with cynicism. If the politicians of this country were captained by a Machiavelli, they would subsidize all of Sinclair's fiction.

In the series of tracts he has published, "The Brass Check" is unquestionably the best. Sinclair himself has called it "the most important and most dangerous book" he has ever written. It is loaded with facts to prove many times over the hypocrisy of the press, and in the hands of Swift or even Voltaire would have become a deadly book. Yet, written by Sinclair, its effect has been insignificant. While this is partly due to the same juvenile thinking which emasculates his novels, it is equally the result of the unfortunate tone of his arraignment.

In the desire to make his words tell, Sinclair has broken down the stiffness of his early style and tried to model his language on daily speech. The tone at which he aimed in "The Brass Check" would have perfectly suited his purpose, had he only been able to strike it. He wanted to sweep away all bookishness and let the reader hear his voice, speaking out on a serious matter which concerned them both. It was to be an impersonal book about personal things, and as many of the incidents he described had happened to himself, he was under the additional difficulty of concealing any personal resentment, which would alienate his reader. His most burning charges had to be presented with telling detachment. But in "The Brass Check," as in all of his controversial writing, the reader is uncomfortably aware that Sinclair has no conception of the effect of his words. His tone breaks into the shrillness of a tirade, and the thin quaver of personal feelings rises above the argument. This quaver has cost him his public.

VI

A review of Upton Sinclair's career thus brings one to an unexpected summary of his contribution to reform. It is hardly possible any longer to think charitably that, though blundering, he has exerted an influence somehow to the good. His diagnosis of the sources of injustice among men has made it harder for anyone else, until the clamor of his writing dies away, to attack the problem radically. And the forty-odd books, which instead of focussing his indignation have merely discharged it, have cheapened the very dream of a wiser world he wished to nourish. If there are many men in America today who listen with contempt to any talk of justice among human beings, Sinclair has helped to make them.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

Ten Nights in a Pullman

THESE United States are hard up. Even a hasty traveler, journeying six or seven thousand miles through the South and the Middle West, gets indubitable evidence that Coolidge prosperity has gone lame in the off front foot.

With few exceptions, the long-distance trains are running three-quarters empty—and I speak with the bitterness of one who left New York with a dozen assorted Pullman reservations, all needless, in his pocket. In Miami you hear that the hotels are only half-full, the skyscrapers in the hands of receivers and the business men in despair. In Kansas City they concede that trade "is poor." In Sioux City, Iowa, and Bloomington, Illinois, farmers agree that, while conditions are better than when they were at their worst, the improvement is not great. The drummers in the Pullman smoking compartment say that "sales are only fair"—no salesman ever admits any more than that, lest you should think he is out with an inferior line. All through the Middle West, they are talking of relief for unemployment, as they are on the Atlantic seaboard.

Dinner Is Now Being Served.—Railroad competition in the Corn Belt is genuine and ferocious. It would not surprise me any day to see pullers-in, out on the sidewalk, dragging people into the Chicago Union Station for the benefit of the C. and A., C. M. and St. P., or Pennsy. The fight for business takes two chief forms—marvelous table d'hote meals in the dining-car, and train equipment to goggle the eye. The dinners run to an incredible number of machine-gun courses. Any individual course, it must be admitted, is likely to be pretty terrible, but think what a lot of them! Moreover, one of them is sauerkraut juice—which tastes just as you would expect. The whole Middle West is drinking sauerkraut juice nowadays, and any dinner including it is *ipso facto* Pretty Grand.

The train equipment is equally marvelous to a simple-hearted New Yorker, unaccustomed to anything better than the second-rate Limiteds which roll out of his village on the Hudson. Chicago gets all the new cars, it seems; and not only new, but handsome, with soft gray hangings, thick carpets, trainmen with Yes, Yes in their eyes, and—in superlative cases like that of the C. M. and St. P. crack train, the Pioneer—rose-shaded wall lamps and dainty alarm clocks in every berth. If you don't want 112 courses in the dining-car, a

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Japanese maiden in native costume will give you something unusual from a chafing dish in the club car. I hear (not too reliably) that a special force of railroad police goes through these trains at the terminals, routing out passengers who cannot bear to leave and have hidden themselves in odd corners intending just to ride back and forth forevermore.

Overland.—The old West may be gone; but it has left some traces. Drawn up by the curb in the business district of St. Louis or Chicago you may see huge auto buses with signs announcing that they are about to start for Los Angeles or San Francisco. There is at least a faint reminder of pioneer days and covered wagons jolting across the thick-sodded prairie, in these cars which roar along the straight new highways carrying their passengers through storm and sunshine two thousand miles and more.

One other touch of the old West is to be found by a casual voyager of 1928. The leading hotel of Kansas City has a coffee shop; and the coffee shop is served by an incredible but glorious collection of old-time waitresses of the sort which once made a journey by the Santa Fé, from one Fred Harvey eating-house to another, love's pilgrimage. They are tall, these girls; they are vast in every proportion; their hair is as yellow as tinted margarine, their complexions by Bougueréau. Their manner combines the best traits of a trained nurse, a woman's club president and a kindergartener. The food in that coffee shop is terrible: it is fried all day long by two flip American youths who belong on a Hamburger wagon; but I am certain that in the presence of the waitresses no male patron has ever been able to get his mind down to any such sordid question as whether he is eating carpet tacks in cream or sole Marguéry.

They Say.—Several of the things about which the Middle West has been worrying in recent years seem less important today, if the amount and character of public discussion is any criterion. The wildness of youth is no longer a subject of pressing anxiety as it was in 1925, and to a dwindling degree in '26 and '27. In several communities I have been assured that, actually, there hasn't been any wildness to speak of, that 90 percent of the boys and girls of today are as good as or better than the best 90 percent of any past generation. The 10 percent which has always been wild is wild still, it is explained, the only difference being that it gets more advertising than it used to, and that girls from nice families now drink.

Talk about prohibition seems less in quantity, though of the same character as before. Perhaps people have wearied of repeating their shibboleths. I was told by experts that liquor is plentiful, cheap and of fair quality. These same experts also believed that, if given a chance, a majority of the people in all but the largest cities would vote dry. This would not be for bootleggers' reasons, but because they really believe (without having looked into the matter) that there is less drinking now, and that conditions in general are on the whole better than before prohibition.

A year ago, many communities were worried about indecent magazines, as well as about the mountains of periodicals devoted to so-called "true confessions," trashy, mildly erotic fictional autobiographies. I hear that the indecent periodicals have been driven underground, and that the tide of popularity has turned against the others.

The universal subject for the worriers today is congestion of automobile traffic. Every community large enough to boast of two citizens (counted without the aid of mirrors) has a traffic problem and is having pink and green conniption fits about it. Chicago, in desperation, has abolished all parking in the Loop, the central business district. Some of the merchants in that area are howling that their business has been ruined, but others say this is not true and ask a long experimental period.

Pick Your Winners.—Like the rest of the country, the Middle West is talking politics nowadays. No campaign since 1916 has caused so much interest so early. Many conversations on presidential prospects, with men of all points of view, boil down into something like this:

The western Democrats don't like Smith, but on the whole they will stand by him if he gets the nomination. They had rather win with him than lose with someone they prefer. Hoover is out in front among the Republicans, except in Chicago, which clings to Dawes, the home-town boy. One hears little of any other candidate, though Missouri Democrats talk of Jim Reed, in terms of violent affection or equally violent hatred.

If Smith is nominated, Middle-Western observers agree, large numbers of voters in that territory who have no party affiliations will go Republican for a reason which won't be discussed publicly, though it is likely to prove the most important single factor in the whole campaign: the religious issue, which is much stronger in the small towns north of the Mason-Dixon line than any dweller in a big city can realize.

President Coolidge seems to have dropped out of the picture, with his second renunciation of his candidacy for a third term. There is a general impression that he means it, and that the politicians who still talk of drafting him are trying to keep their state delegations uninstructed, for partisan reasons. I have a feeling that, even allowing for loss of interest in his political future, Mr. Coolidge is less popular than he was. Perhaps I met the wrong people; but those with whom I talked were unanimously derisive about the famous economy program; and their comments on Coolidge prosperity were caustic to the last degree.

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Extry!—Either the optimism of old age is creeping up on me, or else the daily newspapers of America are getting somewhat better. Reading for a few days each the journals of twenty small towns in the Middle West, I find them printing more news and fewer comics than I had remembered. Some of them have editorials quite up to the standard of all but the two best New York papers. While most of the material offered by the syndicates continues to be of negligible quality, there is also some excellent matter going out, which no paper in a city of less than a million could ever afford if it had to be produced locally.

In many towns you will find the citizens in a state of mild revolt against the printing of the details of the Hickman case and similar stuff—though rarely do they carry their protest to the point of not reading everything of the sort they can lay their eyes on. One Minneapolis paper refused to print anything about the Snyder-Gray execution except the fact that it had taken place, and reports a rise in circulation and the receipt of many congratulatory letters. In general, the tabloid is still confined to the large cities; and if it is debasing the journalism of the average smaller community, either through syndication or imitation, I could find no evidence of it.

Why Bill Is Big.—Chicagoans explain Big Bill Thompson volubly, as New Yorkers used to explain Hylan, and Bostonians Curley. He is, they tell you, by no means a fool; on the contrary, he is a skillful demagogue, of great personal magnetism, who knows exactly what he is doing. He gets results with his otherwise ridiculous anti-English campaign, as a scientist drops dye upon a culture of bacteria. Chicago is not a city, one is told. It is a collection of European settlements, Irish, German, Polish, Italian: there are 750,000 foreign-born adults in Chicago out of a total adult population of not more than 1,650,000. Some of these groups had their alien character forcibly emphasized by the 100-percent patriots during the War, when they were violently thrust out into the cold; and have been helped to remain isolated by the fact that during the past decade "Americanization" has been abandoned entirely. Thompson is an adept at offering a separate sop to each of these foreign groups. Usually he takes some one outstanding man in each, and gives him a good job in the City Hall; and always, he makes special promises, uses a special tone, in talking to each community. These promises he does not fulfill; but Chicago voters, like all others, can only keep their eyes open nine days. The only person who can beat Thompson is an even Bigger Bill; and him we are not likely to see. At least, good Chicagoans pray they shan't.

The Grand Babylon in Packingtown.—It is characteristic of Chicago that it should now have the largest hotel in the world—3,000 rooms and, by an odd coincidence, 3,000 baths. I only wish that Arnold Bennett, who adores big and super-luxurious hotels, could see it. Irresistibly one is pushed into statistics: there are five room clerks in a row, five cashiers, one of whom, on demand, jerks your bill, totted up to the very instant, from the maw of a super-intelligent machine; three beautiful maidens who dispense information. Their booths are side by side, they look like triplets, but the facts they retail are not guaranteed to be identical. There are fourteen elevators and four dining-rooms, which range from high prices to very low ones, though all serve, so far as can be noted, the same food in virtually the same manner: probably good hotel service includes letting the patron pay whatever scale of restaurant charges he prefers. There is a library with 20,000 volumes; an enormous playroom for children, with skilled psychologists in attendance to keep their little inhibitions tidy; a theater seating 1,200; seven ballrooms; a switchboard as large as is needed by a city of 15,000 persons, and the biggest private power-plant in the world. The lobby contains every kind of store you can think of, except a philatelist's; the writing-room is 136 feet long, there are thirty chairs in the barber shop, twenty-four ladies' dressing-rooms are available for guests at social affairs. These are numerous: any hostess who gives any sort of party in a Chicago hotel gets her name printed in large letters on a bulletin board in the lobby, where it remains all day, and the climbing wife of the new millionaire does not overlook such an opportunity for advertisement.

Lest you feel lost in this stacked-up principality, the room-clerk on your floor has special instructions to memorize your name and face as promptly as possible, and call you by the former whenever she sees the latter. If she calls you Garfinkle when your name is Osmosely, you nevertheless feel that she means well, and a warm glow spreads through the cockles of your heart. If you have no heart, call Room Service.

It is true of this as it is of every other great hostelry of the present age, that the guests seem not particularly appropriate to their magnificent surroundings. Our public architecture is fit for supermen; but thus far we seem to have put it largely to the use of fat gents in russet shoes, invincibly given to chewing unlighted cigars and to the employment—after all, not much reduced since Dickens' day—of cuspidors. Will not the beauty, which the builders now pour out, some day abash and reduce those who tread contemptuously on Persian carpets as they cross a magnificent room two hundred feet long on their way to buy College Humor and a Love Nest chocolate bar? Why not?

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Chicago.

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Washington Notes

A NOTION that I have now unobtrusively cherished for a long time and, in my slow, plodding way, gathered no little evidence to sustain, has, to use the fervid phrase of Manager Carmi Thompson in speaking of Candidate Frank B. Willis, been transformed into a "pulsating and throbbing" conviction by the political developments of the past few months. In brief, this is that there is no such thing as a really clever politician, that the truly subtle and far-sighted leader exists only in fiction, that when what seems to be a smart trick is turned, it invariably is disclosed to have been an accident or a blunder, that those with a reputation for astuteness are at bottom the silliest, that, taking them all, from top to bottom, there is neither depth, wisdom nor keenness to be found in the lot. There are so many instances to cite in proof of the soundness of this belief that I hesitate to start, for fear that I shall never reach the topic I have really set out to discuss, namely, the dark idea that, in some way, the dramatic Dawes will emerge as the nominee of the Kansas City convention. Beyond mentioning the names of Willis, Curtis and Charles Dewey Hilles as the prize cases of political paresis, I shall therefore refrain, though the temptation is certainly strong to say a few words about the utter lack of cleverness in Jim Reed. I hate to see Jim—at his age!—risking pneumonia and straining his tonsils by oratorically and anatomically galloping around the country trying to put salt on the tail of a bird he never will be able to get close enough to to tell his name to.

It is also hard to resist commenting upon the cleverness of the supposedly clever Slemp who, with rare cunning, waited so long to join the Hoover movement that when he finally signed up he got no credit at all. It would also be pleasant to dwell for a while upon the acute intelligence of the mincing and elegant Senator from Connecticut, Mr. Hiram Bingham, whose masterly support of the Fess amendment during the recent third-term debate in the Senate revealed him as one of those sagacious persons who still believe that the noble Calvin is craftily conniving in the "draft" idea, the utter limpness of which should have been apparent from the start to anyone above the mental grade of a Girl Scout. We must, however, thrust these temptations aside to discuss the notion that the real candidate whom "the leaders" have up their sleeves is Dawes, and that at the proper time, with all the Lowden delegates switching to him in the convention, the Eastern bankers, headed by the long-winded Hilles, will pitch in and put him over, leaving poor Herbert with his four hundred-odd delegates and his overwhelming press support flat on his back in the ditch. For several months now, the really deep boys who always know the inside stuff have been whispering this Dawes story around Washington. Though from time to time it has been published in every newspaper except the country weeklies, it is still supposed to be the real subcellar dope. Actually it is, to use an inelegant, but singularly graphic Broadway expression, just a lot of hooey.

The truth is that to believe this Dawes dope it is necessary either to discard all rules of logic and reasonableness or assume that the Republican party, with its eyes wide open, will do a thing so obviously ridiculous that it could find neither excuse nor defense. Dumb as they are, I do not believe they will be that dumb at Kansas City, though for some reasons I could find it in my heart to wish they would. Just a glance at the facts, however, precludes the idea. In the first place, the Dawes nomination not only involves rejecting the clear choice of the party and its obvious best bet—the efficient Hoover—but it also involves a practical repudiation of Mr. Coolidge and the so-called Coolidge policies, about which I have not yet had that opportunity to consult Papa Stearns, the dear old ribbon clerk. How, for instance, the nomination of Dawes, the one distinctly anti-Coolidge man in the administration, can be reconciled with a platform eulogizing Coolidge and the Coolidge policies is just one of those things that would defeat our very best reconcilers. To go ahead and do it anyhow, trusting to the feebleness of the so-called popular intelligence to let you get by, would be, I think, to take a greater risk than the Republicans can afford or will take, particularly when it is considered that the ditching of Herbert and the nomination of Dawes could only be accomplished by such an open and naked exhibition of the necessary politico-banker alliance as to provide the Democrats with unusually effective ammunition and weapons and put the whole Republican proposition on the defensive and in jeopardy from the jump.

What I can't understand is why these allegedly slick fellows in Washington should think it could be done. They know all the above-mentioned facts. Everybody does. They know further that, true though it be that neither solemn Calvin nor the sainted Andrew is exactly filled with affection for jolly old Herbert, still their feeling for him is the hottest sort of love compared to the emotions aroused in them by Charley Dawes. So far as Andrew and Calvin are concerned, Dawes has not got IT at all. They—these deep boys who peddle the Dawes dope—know, too, that the administration is back of Herbert, that it is frozen there and will stick. They know, also, that exactly the same journalistic forces, with the exception of the Hearst publications, that have been so enormous a factor in the Coolidge situation, have shifted, or are shifting, to Herbert. Last week the New York Herald Tribune plumped for Herbert, which, with the Curtis publications, the Scripps-Howard outfit and the Kansas City Star, makes about as formidable an array as any aspirant for a nomination not already in the White House has had in my recollection. Yet this Dawes tip still runs around Washington, and quite a number of reputedly sharp fellows still believe a lot of secret, subtle scheming is going on under cover, the ultimate result of which will be the brushing aside of the whole Hoover set-up, including his administration, political, public and journalistic support, and the rushing across the goal line of Charles Gates Dawes, holding the McNary-Haugen Corn Belt bloc under one arm and the Wall Street bankers, Charley Hilles, the Pennsylvania Railroad and all the favorite sons under the other.

If you believe this, you will believe anything. The fact, however, that not only various of the anti-Herbert politicians popularly regarded as shrewd really do believe it,

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but that some of the very hottest thinkers in the Hoover camp shiver with apprehension over the possibility that such a thing may occur, is to me the most positive sort of proof that all politicians are dumb. Of course, the fact that practically all the said-to-be-smart fellows on both sides—and all the snappiest of the correspondents—take at least some stock in this Dawes movement and I take none at all does rather force the idea on me that perhaps it is I who am the dumb-bell and that these boys, after all, are really bright. I reject that idea, however, because there is at least one politician in Washington who thinks this Dawes dope is just as silly as I do. His name is Charles Gates Dawes, and I know he thinks so. "The convention could," he says, "go a lot farther and do worse than nominate me, and that is exactly what the damned convention is going to do."

T. R. B.

Washington.

Maya

Maya, by Simon Gantillon. Translated by Ernest Boyd. Comedy Theater, February 21, 1928.

IN "MAYA" the Actor-Managers, in association with Miss Gertrude Newell, have undoubtedly got hold of a play that has many elements of poetry, power and theatrical grip. This play by Simon Gantillon was first presented by Gaston Baty at the Studio des Champs-Elysées in Paris in 1924, withdrawn and rewritten, and in January of last year presented afresh, with sensational success.

The form of "Maya" resembles that of Lenormand's "Les Ratés," which, also, it is not unlike in mood and philosophic temper and in its conception of the feminine element in human life. "Maya" has far less plot than "Les Ratés," as we saw it in the Theater Guild production with Ben-Ami four years ago. It consists of a series of episodes, each of them complete in itself, each leading round the circle of the theme. There is a certain structural inconsequence to the drama as a whole on this account; but the lack of a plot with a dénouement is not in itself a defect necessarily, though it is something of an added burden in the business of holding the play together and keeping up the line of it to the end. The main limitation of the play as dramatic art ensues from the author's worry on just this point; he tries to force into it now and then more of an effect of dénouement, more conclusion of the story, than is inherent and artistic. This mistake is not in every episode, fortunately, and only slightly in the play as a whole, but it appears, nevertheless, and most of all in the episode where the young girl comes to Bella's house to tell the secret of her love for young Albert and her intention of giving herself to him that night, and immediately after she goes out, the old woman comes in and says that she has been trying to remember the name of her first man, she can't remember who the first was—an effect as pat and obvious as Guy de Maupassant at his worst. But the hand of the artist is nevertheless always present in "Maya," not entirely the dramatic artist perhaps, but the writer with sensitivity, imagination and an eye for good images and biting turns in the thought.

"Maya" is now a story, now a visionary progress of events: its central figure is now a woman, a prostitute in Marseilles, now all women, the thing in the souls of men that is woman and that lives only there and nowhere else. The scene is a narrow street and a narrow house from which she rarely steps, and it is more than that. And the sea at the end of the street, from which are borne ashore men from every part of the world, is the common sea with its tracks and wastes, its ports and harbors, its tides under the moon and its "long wash on Australasian shores," and more than that sea. The dialogue of the play is now realistic, now symbolic, now an arrangement of motives and thoughts spoken as if it were the characters' talk with one another. The effect will seem to some too literary, to others too artificial, to others over-symbolic, and to some hearers quite false. We should be wiser to say that it is sometimes realistic and often thematic, a combination of themes by which the characters' souls are evoked and the author's idea brought to the desired structure. In this thematic and markedly cerebral effect there is much that is merely French, a certain approach to ideas and a vivacity in their employment, that is not very natural to Anglo-Saxons and that therefore removes the manner of the play farther from us than it would be from a French audience.

From all of which it must be clear that "Maya" is a drama that is at once very easy and very difficult to produce. There is an immediate effectiveness in the episodes, situation and characters and a kind of beautiful, mordant atmosphere that comes easily over the footlights and that is to some extent producer- and actor-proof. And at the same time there is the symbolic quality that escapes too quickly into mere solemnity and stuffiness, and that thematic and cerebral manner that slips too quickly into what may seem false, tricky or artificial. These easy advantages and patent difficulties apply to the theatrical creation of the characters, the action, the dialogue and the setting.

The production that the Actor-Managers have achieved for "Maya" is highly uneven, but throughout the play sympathetic. The degree of stylization or realism is not definitely enough stated, in setting, character portrayal or dialogue, but may improve with experience and a further feeling out of the play. The street outside Bella's room is in a fixed style, but the room itself is neither one thing nor the other, it is neither true to what the woman's room would be nor an expression of what the mood of this house of woman prescribes—at present the scene is merely idle decoration. The acting as a whole—after due allowance is made for the shortage of accomplished players in some of the many brief but trying roles—needs more variety, resilience and spring. Three things could be wisely remembered: first, to let the symbolism take more care of itself—the speeches and actions will present their own double meaning without any excessive solemnity or funereal pronouncements; second, to know that much of this play is varied with wit and with a sheer delight in the mind; and third, to realize that much of the dialogue is only thought spoken aloud, and that thinking is never a sad affair—the subject may be sad, but the act itself is happy, a form of exercise like singing—to remember this fact in

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their delivery of many of the lines in "Maya" would be of great help to these actors at the Comedy.

The leading role in "Maya" is as difficult as the actress is capable of making it. Miss Aline MacMahon's Bella is always understanding and full of tenderness. In appearance she contrives a distinct style, and in her transitions a most intelligent perception. At present her worst shortcoming is related to those parts that she has played in the past, in such pieces as "Beyond the Horizon" and "Spread Eagle," parts that are all suppression and drabness, life bitter and gray at its dregs. But Bella is not that; if she were not glowing and warm, rich and dark with life, the world of men would not find in her what they seek. There are places where Miss MacMahon, then, needs to brighten the rhythm, and places where—as in the terse prologue—she should show less of that effect of a conscious, prophetic strain and symbolic awe. She needs to take more pleasure in the part, pure child-of-the-sun pleasure. But she is admirable in the scene about going to her child's funeral, in that fine scene with the Norwegian boy, and, indeed, at moments here and there in all her scenes. Mr. Otto Hulett in four very diverse roles did good work; as the Norwegian he gave a performance that by any standards would be beautiful and moving. One item in the production is inexcusable, and that is the singing in French. You might hum these songs, but you cannot pass from the convention of speaking a foreign language into the actual language itself.

The play has a theme and many stories within that theme. It begins with a prologue of Bella and a sailor, in which, and in the nine scenes and the epilogue that follow, the essential idea of the play emerges: the woman as the passive clay to be molded by every man's desire, to be to him what he needs and dreams of. Nothing belongs to her, not her room, not even the sheets on her bed. Men seek their infinites through her, she grows less as their dreams are elevated, and in the last man's visit the idea so strongly intervenes that Bella is shut out from her own house. And then for the play's last moment we see—as in the first of the scenes—her every-day world again, she is showing her crochet to the other girl. You drop two more stitches—three double loops in the same stitch—a loop. And you go on—and on—and on—.

STARK YOUNG.

The Skylark

The only star that sings is black,
  He rises in the day, not night;
He twinkles when the silver stars
  Are darkened by a greater light.
He twinkles, yet he does not shine,
  He swirls in frenzy as he sings;
His music falls as fast as rain,
  While beating time with his own wings.
He sings untired, and wild, and strong,
  From early dawn to daylight's close;
And, twittering in his dreams, he sleeps
  Beneath the silver stars and dews.

W. H. DAVIES.

A Fine American Movie

IN THE long time that has passed since King Vidor directed "The Big Parade," he has done, I believe, some small pictures; his heart and his mind have been in "The Crowd," a picture originally released on the regular programs, not advertised as a super-feature, and to me the most interesting development in the American movie in years. (After a week at the Capitol, it has been put on as a special at the Astor.)

It is not entirely a fine picture; either Mr. Vidor or his collaborator, Mr. John V. A. Weaver, has given it scenes which are feeble or vulgar, and he has fumbled the handling of emotions in an attempt to get a laugh. Yet negatively the picture is extremely important because it breaks completely with the stereotype of the feature film. There is virtually no plot; there is no exploitation of sex in the love interest; there is no physical climax, no fight, no scheduled thrill. The characters, all commonplace people, act singularly unlike moving picture characters and singularly like human beings; there is no villain, no villainy, no success. "The Crowd" is absorbingly interesting, at moments charged with tremendous emotional excitement, exceptionally intelligent and satisfactory.

It condenses a few years in the life of a boy who comes to New York persuaded that he will get somewhere, do big things, be somebody, if he ever gets an opportunity. He becomes one of a hundred clerks in an insurance office; with thousands of others he kisses a girl at Coney Island; even his marriage does not isolate him, and the birth of his first child brings him to a maternity ward where hundreds of beds are aligned. He gets a raise of eight dollars a week, his second child is killed, he gives up his job, he can't succeed at any other, his wife starts to leave him but cannot carry it through, they go to the theater together, and as they rock and roar with laughter they are again submerged in a crowd which also rocks and roars.

In the movie sense, this is no plot; the absence of romance in the treatment is equally unlike the movies. But it is Mr. Vidor's triumph that he can make precisely this absence of romance seem actually tender and beautiful. The boy goes out, while his wife's family waits for Christmas dinner, to borrow some gin; he gets drunk and returns only after all have gone except his wife, who is in bed. The tradition, the romantic tradition of the movies, demands here a scene; Mr. Vidor gives the wife a smile of sympathy, the husband a moment of contrition, and the scene ends with them quarreling lightly over the propriety of her raising the umbrella which is one of his presents to her. When the child is run down by a motor truck, the father, driven mad by the city noises which he thinks are preventing the baby's return to consciousness, rushes into the street beseeching passers-by, motorists, fire engines, crowds, to be quiet; almost mad with the noise of the crowd, he returns to the room; the doctor has meanwhile removed his instrument from the child's heart; the father learns the news from the mother's face. So in everything fine in the picture, the treatment is fresh, credible, creative of intense emotion.

It is clear that, to make these things fresh and moving, the technique must be out of the ordinary. It is. But before coming to that, I must indicate Mr. Vidor's two

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errors. When the boy and girl are married, they go to Niagara Falls, and there is a long sequence of pictures on the sleeper. I have never thought jokes about the bridal night funny in themselves, and Mr. Vidor has worked the old ones to death; the taste is quite bad here, the gags are tedious. The purpose was to give Mr. Vidor a scene on a knoll, with the falls as background, where the desire of the boy and girl manifests itself the next day. It was a good scene, but the business in the sleeper was romantic in the tawdriest way, a serious blemish.

The second fault baffles me to explain. Possibly Mr. Weaver, having once written a bit of verse about a Victrola, thinks that instrument really the machine out of which the god of drama springs; possibly Mr. Vidor, perplexed about his ending, took the easiest way. The wife has left the house; she returns on a pretext and the husband, who has got a job that day, asks her to go to the theater with him, and gives her some flowers. Their reconciliation is barely begun; they hardly know how to go about it. And so a talking machine, which has not appeared before, is started by the husband; they dance to "There's Everything Nice About You," the child joins them in laughter, and this scene dissolves into them laughing at the vaudeville show which ends the picture. Did Mr. Vidor mean to suggest that even in the expression of their deepest emotions they have to call on a standardized mechanical aid? It is the most flattering explanation, but if it is true it points to another defect—lack of preparation, lack of significant emphasis. As the picture stands, it looks more as if Mr. Vidor himself had to call in mechanics.

And of mechanics he is a master. Here is a man who knows how to take moving pictures—an excessively rare thing in the moving picture industry. He takes them so that they have movement, so that they have beauty, and, rarest of all, so that they have meaning. A little boy comes up a flight of stairs to discover what has happened to his father: the stairs, the walls, the ceiling, form a long tapering rectangular box through which we look upon the little figure; by the time he is three-quarters of the way up, the father has died for us, although we have seen nothing of him, and Mr. Vidor breaks the movement by having another figure come down to meet the boy. The grown lad comes to New York on a ferry; we are not limited to his view of the city; we see what the city *means* to him, from his early confusion, his bewilderment at regular blocks of buildings, its speed, its carelessness, its unapprehended rhythm. Then the city engulfs him. The camera sweeps the city, picks out a building, miraculously describes all its majesty, beauty, and aloofness. A shot is taken so that the tier after tier of window and stonework lies flat before us, slowly it rises like a painted cardboard wall pushed from behind; we approach the pinnacle breathlessly, the building absorbs us physically, leans over, takes us in, and when it is righted the camera begins to pick out a floor, a series of windows on that floor, a separate window, and we are inside, on an anonymous floor, of an anonymous company, and our hero—ourself—sits at one of a hundred desks.

Mr. Vidor has avoided the complete stylization of the crowd—the method of "Metropolis." Endless doors open and endless crowds come to endlessly moving elevators; but there is no machine-like precision. It is, to me, poignant enough—that people in their own way still do the same things. So the different crowds have varying rhythms and pace, are friendly or menacing or indifferent. They have not only their own meaning, but their function in the picture.

James Murray, who plays the boy, is a genuine find—the story of his siege of Hollywood is highly romantic and absolutely true; he reminds me of the young Charles Ray, and is beautifully suited to Mr. Vidor's quiet method of expression. The great player of the film is, however, not the lead but Eleanor Boardman, who plays the girl. Except for a few moments when she imitated the Mae Marsh of years ago, everything in her creation was personal, worked out from within, and terribly affecting. She brought me close to tears more than once; she satisfied my inner sense of the decorum and rightness of methods all the time. She grew up in the brief hour of the movie from a cheap little girl to a suffering and tender woman, with weaknesses and powers. It is altogether a beautiful performance.

"The Crowd" does not follow precisely the outline Mr. Vidor gave to me about a year ago, when it was almost finished. I should like to think that the one really bad spot was not left in at his order, and that his neutral ending—the boy getting back his original job—was not omitted at the command of his employers. Whatever the truth may be, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer corporation is to be congratulated on having Mr. Vidor and on giving him his head; and he is to be congratulated on courage and intelligence and the mastery of his art. His future is bound to be interesting; what remains to see is whether he can achieve greater freedom in production, and get material even more amenable to his powerful and delicate hands.

GILBERT SELDES.

Garden Waters

If in his garden all night fell the stream
Noisy and silver over the moon-dark stone,
It was not so with the voiceless waters of dream,
Monstrously tumbled, falling with no tone.

In this man's garden as in any other
Where decent waters through the night have flowed
Is converse of a musical small clamor,
And men by crags have stopped against the loud

Torn cataract or hollow bosomed flood
In solace of that full nocturnal tongue
Calling in kinship to the buried blood;
More terrible breaks the torrent with no song.

Though garden waters are not broad or black
Within them still sometimes, I think, is hid
The obscure image of the season's wreck,
The dead leaf and the summer's chrysalid.

Better for flesh to run out naked and lonely
Where the perfidious surges front the shore;
Those deeps dividing would divulge there only
The comfortless bodies of men who had gone before.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

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CORRESPONDENCE

If America Joined the League

SIR: I read with deep interest the editorial in the New Republic of February 8, entitled "Discussion as a Help to Peace." If I read aright your arguments in this editorial and others of like character, in earlier issues, you think the United States is justified in the attitude of aloofness from the League of Nations, because of the injustice of certain provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, and because our adherence to the League might tend to perpetuate those wrongs instead of aiding in their amelioration.

Your statements evidently contemplate that the conquered nations may attempt, by violence, to "shake off some oppressive provision of the Treaty," that is, to remedy the evil by another war. Aside from the indubitable fact that such a course would be far more disastrous to the one attempting it, even if successful, than to make the best of things as they are, you seem to forget or ignore that the vanquished have themselves all deliberately joined the League, and have thus voluntarily abandoned any such contemplated method of remedy. You seem, by your editorials, more concerned about the plight of Germany and her allies, and on that account more willing to continue to further endanger the peace of the world, than Germany herself and her allies. May you not be willing to concede that perhaps they know as well as you how best to remedy those alleged injustices, if they were such? Are you not, on this subject, much in the same attitude as those Irish-Americans who are more concerned about Irish freedom and willing to go much further in the direction of violence than the great mass of the Irish people in Ireland? Germany and her allies seem to be satisfied that they can better serve their cause under the covenants of the League than by remaining outside.

We may misunderstand you entirely, but you seem to fear that, in some way, if the United States joined the League it would be compelled to join the European victor nations in whatever course they saw fit to take about reparations or other remedies of alleged wrongs in the Treaty, apparently ignoring or forgetting that any such action must be unanimous, and that, by the very fact of our membership in the Council of the League, we could stop or prevent such coercive measures. In other words, we could be far more effective in seeing justice done as members than as outsiders.

It seems to us that your reasoning is erroneous. If we joined the League we would be no more bound to approve the course of the victors than to approve the demands of Germany and her allies. Quite the contrary. We would be far more "free" to weigh the merits of the dispute and to act effectively. Nor could Germany and her allies be declared the aggressor without our full approval and affirmative vote.

It seems to us that these two facts, namely, that Germany, Austria and Hungary are themselves members of the League and that the United States could, if it joined the League, bar all unjust affirmative action by its vote, as a member, answer conclusively the points that you make.

Why not give due weight to the great outstanding fact, which is indubitable and which outweighs all the rest, that nothing can be accomplished towards attaining the main goal, namely, permanent peace, except by coöperating with the other nations which are now joined under the covenant, both victors and vanquished? Our isolation means paralysis to the main objective of the League.

It is far more important to advance the cause of permanent peace than that the equities in the Versailles Treaty be delicately balanced and adjusted. Please imagine what would have happened to France and England if the Kaiser had won.

The final United States treaty with Germany was made on our behalf by the critics of Versailles, those very isolationists whose position, alas, you are fortifying, for reasons entirely different from theirs. They made our treaty with Germany, but did they take any of the "poison" out of the original Treaty?

It is hoped, dear Editor, you will give space to this, or its substance, and give us some substantial reasons why a journal which we admire so profoundly, and with which we are usually in accord, should, in effect, back up and support the position of the impossible isolationists as they hold the United States out of all effective coöperation with the rest of the nations, while the world rushes inevitably on to another universal conflagration.

Detroit, Michigan. ALFRED LUCKING.

The Gospel According to Darwin

SIR: May I thank you, in the manner of one crying in the wilderness, for Lewis Mumford's extremely perspicacious article on Darwinism, and also for the correspondence it is arousing? If there is any doubt left in the mind of any reasonable person that Darwinism was a metaphysics from the first and is now rapidly becoming a religion, the letter of your correspondent of February 15 should lay aside that doubt once and for all. What could be more characteristic of institutionalized religion than this anxious exegesis by which it is sought to clear the Prophet of all error by the simple device of imputing every dubious point to his less divine disciples?

Mr. Charles E. Edgerton, writing from Ithaca, New York, queries whether "either Malthus or Darwin or Wallace ever use[d] the phrase 'survival of the fittest,'" and whether it was not actually contributed by Herbert Spencer. It is true that Herbert Spencer is now regarded as apocryphal by True Evolutionists; so that if we may assign to him this exceedingly debatable expression, we do not clear the Prophet of a source of heresy. But alas for Mr. Edgerton, the textual authorities do not bear him out. I quote from the Gospel according to Saint Charles ("Origin of Species"): ". . . I use for convenience' sake the general term of Struggle for Existence. . . . I should premise that I use this term in a larger and metaphorical sense. . . . A struggle for existence inevitably follows from the high rate at which all organic beings tend to increase. . . . It is the doctrine of Malthus applied with manifold force to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms. . . . This preservation of favorable individual differences and variations, and the destruction of those which are injurious, I have called Natural Selection, or the Survival of the Fittest." The theological capitals are Darwin's.

As to Malthus, Mr. Edgerton is quite right that he never used the moot expressions. But then, he was only the John the Baptist of the evolutionist religion. That he did, true to his role, prophesy a greater than he to follow, no careful reader of the "Essay on the Principle of Population" can doubt. My attention was first called to this strange relationship by the late James Alfred Field, who was certainly our foremost authority on Malthus and Malthusiana. While discussing the indebtedness of Darwin and Wallace to Malthus' "Essay"—a matter which everyone recognizes and no one, among the faithful, seems willing to expound—Professor Field referred to various passages in which Malthus hovered on the very verge of Darwinian expressions. As some besides Mr. Mumford will remember, Malthus' first edition was sharply ironical, a retort to the revolutionary optimism of Godwin and Condorcet. But the book achieved an unexpected success, which Malthus promptly capitalized by revising his entire text so as to show things are not so badly managed after all. In doing this he definitely hinted at "natural selection" as a trial by ordeal. Despite Mr. Edgerton and all the host of Darwinian apologists, the connotation was just what Mr. Mumford says it was: the "iron law" and the damnation of the poor—"Let 'em die and decrease the surplus population."

As a philosopher and organizing thinker, says Mr. Mumford, Darwin's work "is very often indefensible." That is, his pronouncements were often wholly doctrinal. What a pity that Mr. Mumford could not extend his article to include a few typical doctrines—even if he had to press the extension on the editor at the point of the bayonet! The "survival of the fittest" is Darwinism's central canon, of course. Mr. Edgerton protests, as a good Darwinian, that it is innocuous. In that case, I should like to ask (I have raised the question elsewhere): Why did Darwin use it? Grant with the apologists that it has no scientific sense

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or meaning (and would much better be foisted upon Spencer); the fact remains that Darwin used it. Can we doubt that he meant something by it? If its meaning is not scientific, it is doctrinal. What the doctrine is we may therefore discover by removing it, substituting another phrase, equally innocuous scientifically, and observing the difference. "The disappearance of the unfit" is a satisfactory alternative, scientifically. It does no violence to any single fact. But is it Darwinian? Absolutely, no! "The disappearance of the unfit" suggests, by connotation, the weeding out of a tolerably decrepit lot; whereas, on the contrary, "the survival of the fittest" definitely suggests to every mind splendid achievement, well deserved success. This, I submit—I hope with Mr. Mumford's backing—is a religion of complaisance, a near relative of advanced Protestant Modernism in which, please to note, Darwin is rapidly displacing Saint Paul as the chief Christian apostle.

Mr. Mumford notes that all our recent Darwin exegesis treats the Prophet as "a symbol and a figure" over against "the anti-scientific Struldbrugs." He is quite right. The evolution controversy is a schism between two religious sects—hence its heat. Each sect claims to represent the True Christianity. Both naturally deny their actual attachments. If I understand Mr. Mumford, he means to suggest that Fundamentalism is feudalism in disguise, while Modarwinism is capitalism in disguise. Mr. Edgerton and other apologists for our new creed will disavow it. Their religion, they will say, is the truth. But has their disavowal any more significance than a Fundamentalist's denial that he is at heart a medievalist? I think not. After all, every religion is the true religion—to the faithful.

C. E. AYRES.

Hondale, New Mexico.

Mrs. Wilcox and Colonel Joyce

SIR: In your issue of February 8, Mr. Fullalove calls attention to the charge of plagiarism made against Edgar Allan Poe by the late Colonel John A. Joyce. Some of your older readers may recall the controversy between Ella Wheeler and Colonel Joyce in the early eighties concerning the authorship of the poem, the first lines of which are:

> Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
> Weep and you weep alone.

Miss Wheeler had included this poem in her "Poems of Passion," published in 1883, under the title "Solitude." Two years later, in his "Peculiar Poems," Colonel Joyce included the same poem, with a few verbal changes, under the title, "Love and Laughter." When the priority of Ella Wheeler was called to the attention of Colonel Joyce, he maintained that he had printed the poem in some local Southern newspaper as early as 1863.

Diligent search was made by students of American verse, the writer among the number, for the poem printed by Colonel Joyce, but without success. When he was asked to give the printed poem in the newspaper in question, he replied that all the copies had been destroyed during the Civil War. It may be added that the students who examined the matter found that if Ella Wheeler had plagiarized from Colonel Joyce, so had a number of other poets; and, as I recall, Edgar Allan Poe was one of the number!

WILL S. MONROE.

Waterbury, Vermont.

The Last Salon

SIR: I read your article in the New Republic ("The Last Salon—A. France and His Muse") and wish to make some remarks and a few corrections.

If I did not date the letters, it was because the original ones are not dated—I classed them in the order I considered the most exact.

If I edited the book myself, it was because four publishers, viz.: Calmann-Levy, Fayard, Grasset and Marcel Provost (who is the editor of "Les Editions de France"), claimed the right to edit the book. Calmann-Levy because I inserted in it some of Anatole France's letters, and the three others because they were my friends. So in order to offend nobody and also because I foresaw great advantages for myself, I resolved to do without those gentlemen. And I have done exceedingly well.

All the French critics consider my book very well written, and if you judge it "wretchedly written," the translation and translator are to be blamed.

I am preparing an "Histoire familière d'Anatole France," that several French and American publishers have asked me to write, in which you will find all the biographical details that you regret not to know.

You are mistaken in saying that the second Madame Anatole France, née Laprevotte, has married Mme. de Caillavet's butler. That is pure gossip and without foundation. She is a widow—up to the present date.

Anatole France *never lived with* Mme. de Caillavet in Paris. He was invited to her country house, or on one of her yachts, but *did not live with her.* In Paris he went to her house *only* to lunch and dinner, that is *very different,* a *marked* difference for French people of good society.

The actress with whom Anatole France was in love during his voyage to Argentina was a Frenchwoman. She belonged to the Odéon Theater of Paris, and was traveling with a company of French actors, when Anatole France met her on the steamer.

Paris, France. JEANNE-MAURICE POUQUET.

Interpreting Mr. Frank

SIR: Six instalments of Mr. Waldo Frank's "The Re-Discovery of America" is enough to explain his theory and problem. His theory, I take it, is that the creating of Wholes (The Sense of the Whole) is the basic human need. His type is Europe and the Mediterranean in its immobile world state: i. e., Europe "as the Cultural Whole, ordered of social and spiritual forms, wherein men dwelt as cells within a body." A break in the hierarchic organs of this Whole brought a dissolution of the cultural body of Europe, setting it in flux. This flux is represented by discoveries, inventions, voyages, the discovery of America, etc. His problem is to review the social and economic phases of this new hiving ground, which is America; and to explain thereby whether we are working toward a Cultural Whole, or whether it is possible to accomplish it.

Now the difference between Mr. Frank and Herr Spengler is that the former is, and must be, optimistic, whereas the latter comes out exactly where Schopenhauer did. Mr. Frank's "The Sense of the Whole" is as much an assumption as Spengler's more nonsensical "symbolism" an analogy of cultures. After reading the physiognomy of cultures, Spengler sees no hope, no need for yearning. He has gazed down the destiny road of each culture and observes that the road of the Western is petering out. All have passed the same signposts. Mr. Frank will not have it. He sees new grass, new life rising out of the graveyard of Europe—America. Both Frank and Spengler have fashioned a pattern first, and both are carefully avoiding all that does not fit that pattern. (Spengler knows only two cultures, the Greek and the Western.) "The Re-Discovery of America" and "The Decline of the West" are both apologies, one of a frustrated post-war German, the other of a prophetic culture-less (national) American.

Atlantic City, New Jersey. MALCOLM DECKER.

Elinor Wylie and E. W.

SIR: Since one of your chief editors has the same initials as I, and since several of your contributors have initials susceptible of being mistaken for mine, will you permit me to state that I never sign a piece of work save with my entire name? It is not fair that the admirable productions of others should be attributed to me, and I ask you to publish this letter quite as much for Mr. Wilson's sake as for my own.

New York City. ELINOR WYLIE.

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The Case against Time

Time and Western Man, by Wyndham Lewis. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. 469 pages. $5.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS is a man of positive talents and exuberant energy. He began his career as a revolutionary painter: in 1914 he edited a portentous magazine called Blast, which aimed at the overthrow and annihilation of academic art and all the moods and attitudes that accompanied it. When the Great Blast came, on the heels of this pronunciamento, both Mr. Lewis and his associates were well equipped to give a graphic interpretation of it. Shortly after the War, Mr. Lewis went into retirement, to commune with ideas and to develop his philosophy; and now, at forty, he approaches us with a sequel to his first two volumes of philosophic criticism—"The Art of Being Ruled" and "The Lion and the Fox."

I should like to give a detailed summary of "Time and Western Man"; but to attempt it would be like trying to tidy a garden in a tornado: Mr. Lewis is the tornado. He begins with an inquiry into the meaning of the word Romance: the second chapter deals with the Principle of Advertisement and its relation to Romance; and from there on we bob up and down in a muddy torrent of words which attempt to relate and summon to judgment the vulgar purveyor of revolutionary ideas, the literary career of Ezra Pound, the cult of the child and the echolalia of Miss Gertrude Stein, the mind of James Joyce, the philosophy of Bergson, the space-time theories of Einstein and the historical dogmas of Spengler. These things are united in Mr. Lewis' mind as a badly chosen meal is united in a weak stomach: the total result is a revolting attack of indigestion.

In setting forth the vast welter and jumble of Mr. Lewis' performance, one is unkind to his thesis; for the thesis itself is a simple one, and there is more to be said for it than Mr. Lewis has succeeded in saying. Mr. Lewis' main idea is that the modern age is afflicted with a disposition to worship the dynamic part of life: our intellectual leaders and the "revolutionary simpletons" who popularize and degrade their notions, stand for change, flux, history, and a grotesque over-emphasis of the time-element; whilst the static, formal, and plastic elements that characterized the great civilizations of the past are looked upon as archaic hold-overs which do not fit the needs of contemporary existence. By itself, the main idea of "Time and Western Man" is an important one; and one wishes that Mr. Lewis had refrained from embroidering it so profusely with vituperation, malicious "personalities," misinterpretations, wild inferences, undigested snacks of reading: the book has the effect of a nightmare following a long evening's discussion, in which all the ideas are distorted, and become the symbols of irrelevant desires and emotions.

Unfortunately, Mr. Lewis is temperamentally incapable of grasping the thesis as a whole: for his philosophy derives from the excessive use and over-emphasis of one organ, the eye; and his critical reaction is against the excessive use and over-emphasis of another organ, the ear. Now, it is a significant fact that during the last three centuries our civilization has become largely ear-minded; and Mr. Lewis would be quite right in holding that such an exclusive development of one organ, and of the arts, ideas, and concepts associated with the ear—above all with the concept of time—has given us a lop-sided world, whose errors can be redressed only by cultivating the spatial and static elements in our heritage. There is a perpetual contrast between those who carry the world in their ear and those who carry it in their eye. To the "time-man" reality appears as a succession of instants, held together in memory, or registered mechanically by time-recording instruments. The "space-man," on the other hand, sees all relations as contemporary: there is no shifting time-perspective, with parts fading out and foregrounds emerging: all the successive points in linear time are projected on a surface.

Time-keeping is one of the major activities of the western world today; and if Mr. Lewis had not been so upset by reading Bergson, or so impervious to all ideas of historic sequence, he might have performed a valuable service by working out the development of our time-consciousness, and showing how our great spatializing activities, painting, architecture, sculpture, city-building, have been weakened or undermined by it. The first mechanical clocks appeared in Europe about the tenth century: they became common in the thirteenth century, and by the seventeenth century the domestic clock had entered every prosperous household in England. All the ingenuities in the mechanical arts, which went later into scientific instruments and machines, were at first expended upon clocks.

One of the great changes in western consciousness, a change which still profoundly separates the urban from the rural population, was the change from time-keeping broken in large bands by day and night, by sowing-time and reaping, to time-keeping based upon minute divisions of the day: the introduction of watches was an indication of this change. Spatial divisions themselves have been translated into time-categories: with the railroad, places became not miles but minutes apart, and distance now expands or contracts as one thinks of it in terms of walking, motoring, or aeroplaning. Our acceptance of divided time as a legitimate category of existence is so complete that we do not observe how arbitrary it is, and how often it works absurdly: Orientals or Russians who have not yet learned to abide by these divisions, who are late for appointments or who eat dinner at almost any hour of the day, seem to us lacking in the very principle of order. In the time-keeping civilization, music has naturally become the supreme art: for beat, measure, interval, temporal sequence are its essential characteristics. "Music is, put crudely, gentlemanly," exclaims Mr. Lewis, not without bitterness, "plastic is not."

The belief in time and movement and change is a commonplace to the time-minded man: change is the one thing he thinks is unchangeable—so complete and overpowering is the convention. But the convenience of time-keeping is greatly over-rated; and the people who practise it so faithfully that they lose the capacity for appreciating the fixed and the static and the spatially related experiences cut themselves off from a good part of reality. I can conceive of a civilization, not lower in the scale of culture than the present one, in which respect for the clock and the calendar would be far this side of complaisant idolatry. In such a society, it would be looked upon as a waste of effort to bring out newspapers and magazines on recurrent dates, whether there was anything important to put in them or not; and no one would trouble to read the latest novels, copy the latest styles, or dismiss from consideration inconvenient ideas because they happened to be "out-of-date." One has only to outline a time-less society to see what a fine and agreeable place it would be: one can pick out, in one's own circle of friends, a few wise, serenely disposed people who conduct their existence very much on these terms—and one

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knows it is neither a low ideal nor an impossible one. Thoreau escaped this convention of time; so did Blake; so in their way did Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy—and is this not perhaps why their writings and the characters they created all seem "contemporary"? Do they not live within that perpetual present in which the plastic arts have their being?

In so far as our time-keeping technique has lowered the status of the plastic arts, and has made every activity a function of time, it has curbed and diverted certain valid aspects of the human personality; and I, for one, am grateful for fierce eyes like Mr. Lewis' when they detect the loss and announce it boldly. I quarrel with "Time and Western Man" only because it turns into unrecognizable caricature both the thing it attacks and the formal, spatial, static outlook that it defends. The eye-minded and ear-minded, like the tough and the tender-minded, both exist; but Mr. Wyndham Lewis is not merely content with restoring the balance between them: he wishes, with fanatic thoroughness, to destroy the time-man and the time-philosophy, along with music, history, and many other precious ideas and arts that the last three hundred years have brought with them.

At this point I part company with him: Bergson's analysis of time into the mechanical and the organic (*durée*) seems to me profound: and not less so is Croce's conception of history. For me, neither time nor space but life is the main, the primal ingredient of philosophy; and philosophy must have a place for every temperament and for every expression of temperament in science, art, or ideology. Fixity and change, dynamic and static, flux and form, music and plastic, the temporal and the spatial, Bergson and Plato—these are not oppositions which life cannot reconcile: on the contrary, it is by their embrace and their reconciliation that life flourishes. If this doctrine be true, a good part of Mr. Lewis' book is as one-sided and silly as some of the things it attacks: if it be false, philosophy offers no other prospect than a meaningless conflict between the blind and the deaf, whilst the lame and the halt—the soldiers, the politicians, and the business men—run away with the fruits of victory!

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Tennessee Poets

Fugitives: An Anthology of Verse. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 164 pages. $2.50.

THIS anthology represents the work of eleven poets who for four years published a magazine called The Fugitive at Nashville, Tennessee. Three of them—Laura Riding, John Crowe Ransom and Donald Davidson—have since published books of their own; and others have recently become more widely known through the appearance of their poems in New York magazines. But these poets, aside from their individual merits, have a particular importance as a group; this anthology makes it possible for us to see how much they are alike, how far their style and ideas have been affected by their close association. It may, I suppose, be said that John Crowe Ransom was the leader of the Fugitives; and there is perhaps not one who does not appear to derive from him in some way. What they all have in common with Mr. Ransom is an accent of irony, a "metaphysical" turn and a rich English vocabulary. These are characteristics, to be sure, which they share with many other modern poets; but the strength of their position as a group has enabled them to develop an original vein of imagery and even a rhythm of their own. Their organism has, for example, been vigorous enough to throw off the influence of T. S. Eliot, to which so many isolated poets have succumbed but of which we can detect only occasional traces in the work of the Fugitives.

In another respect, also, the Fugitives are interesting as a group. They are one of the many recent manifestations of the new awakening of creative activity in the South. We had been accustomed in this quarter to old-fashioned florid oratory and early nineteenth-century romanticism. Not even George W. Cable, a man of first-rate intelligence and ability, was altogether unaffected by the general decomposition of the Southern style; and Cabell, in attempting to give it a medieval accent, did not really escape its vices. But now, from Richmond, from New Orleans, from Nashville, from South Carolina itself, we are beginning to get a literature which is as free from the flowers of rhetoric as from the formulas of gallantry. It is, on the contrary, as often with the Fugitives, capable of being merciless and astringent. It has sloughed off its demoded trappings, but it has kept much of the grace and distinction with which they were formerly worn. By reason of its very leisure, its detachment from the industrial world and its strong local tradition, the South at present enjoys unique advantages for the cultivation of literature; and it is not impossible to imagine its playing, in respect to the great cities of the North and the West, a role similar in some respects to that which eighteenth-century Ireland has played in respect to modern London. It is perhaps the only section of the country where the educated classes possess at once enough cultivation, existences sufficiently unhurried and an intimate enough share in the life of their communities to produce intellectual work of real richness and depth.

The poems contributed by Miss Riding, Mr. Ransom and Mr. Donaldson are reprinted from their books and have already been discussed in these pages. The standard of the other poets, as represented in this volume, is extremely high. I have found Mr. Robert Penn Warren and Mr. Allen Tate the most interesting. Mr. Warren seems one of the most promising young poets who has recently appeared: his characteristic style is stony, nodulous and tight:

> Of old I know that shore, that dim terrain,
> And know how black and turbulent the blood
> Will beat through iron chambers of the brain.

He is, in fact, we feel, a little too tightly tied up: we are conscious of the iron chambers rather than of the blood beating through them. We suspect that Mr. Warren suffers from a common malady of young poets: his mastery of language and his subtlety of mind seem developed disproportionately to his emotions and ideas, which are still rather vague and immature. This accounts, I believe, for his frequent obscurity: some of the poems of Mr. Warren which I most admire—such as "Croesus in Autumn"—I have read carefully several times, yet I cannot understand them. Lines and images burn with a life of their own more intense than any which I can feel in the poem as a whole—(for example, the following: "Now green is blown and every gold gone sallow")—and I suspect that Mr. Warren's real poems are still to be written.

Mr. Tate, however, is older than Mr. Warren and his work is mature. There is something too much of Eliot in "Causerie II" and an image from Valéry at the end of the "Ode to the Confederate Dead"; but even where Tate is imitative he has a strange originality, a special vein of *macabre* imagination, a deeply stained color, of his own. What commands our admiration in these two longest of his poems is his capacity for sustained phrasing—there are no lapses and no blanks in Tate, no stop-gaps. But though, line by line, these poems are amazing, they seem, as wholes, to

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lack emphasis, to fail of cumulative effect (the "Causerie" especially; the "Ode" somewhat less). In the case of his shorter poems, however, these objections do not hold. "Mr. Pope," "Death of Little Boys" and "Idiot" are like valuable oriental ornaments which have been produced at a great expense of material and skill. We can have them around with us and pick them up to examine them again and again, and we find that we do not get tired of having them around: they are as intricately patterned as cloisonné vases and as heavy as little bronzes (they differ in this from the inveterate lightness, sometimes flimsiness, of Ransom). We admire the silver wire embedded in the blue and green enamel and the beautiful polish and glaze; we consider the precious alloy which has gone to make the grotesque deity. To do these extraordinary poems justice it would be necessary to quote them in their entirety. It is only possible here to include a few remarkable lines which stand by themselves.

Of the urn containing Pope's ashes:

> The urn gets hollow, cobwebs brittle as stones
> Weave to the funeral shell a frivolous rust.

A railroad train:

> Far off, a precise whistle is escheat
> To the dark . . .

A sick child:

> the windowpane extends a fear to you
> From one peeled aster drenched with the wind all day.

EDMUND WILSON.

On the Road toward Industrial Science

What the Employer Thinks, by J. David Houser. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 226 pages. $2.50.

The Americanization of Labor, by Robert W. Dunn, with an Introduction by Scott Nearing. New York: International Publishers. 272 pages. $1.90.

IF AN industrial science arises—that is, a science with objectives and methods directed at the phenomena of industrial activities—it will obviously be a combination or synthesis of many scientific disciplines. The early attempt to understand the meaning of industrialization went forward under the guidance of economists and humanists. Economists went forth in search of principles, explanatory laws, within which the processes of industry might find a rationale. Humanists, realizing that one of the first observable consequences of machine industry was a piling up of extraordinary wealth on the one hand and attendant misery for workers on the other, began a search for correctives. In other words, economists aimed at an intellectual explanation, whereas humanists saw the situation as one involving, primarily, questions of rights and wrongs. Karl Marx, who was, as a thinker, a combination of economist, sociologist and historian, saw in rising industry all three elements which constituted his intellectual nexus. He saw, for example, that nothing would be gained by sentimentality, that, at bottom, industry represented merely an ascendant form of that economic drive which lies at the root of all human conduct. As sociologist, he saw in the onward sweep of industrial organization a growing line of demarcation between those who owned and profited by industry and those who labored for machine-owners. And, as historian, he appreciated that any social cleavage of this sort would lead inevitably toward conflict and revolution. Economic determinism, class-struggle and, in the end, overt class conflict were, then, the natural consequences of the synthesis which went on in Karl Marx's mind. His was, we come to see more and more clearly, a brilliant insight. That he reasoned from observations covering areas too restricted, and that his prophetic mood made allowances for too few deviations from his historical sequences, we may now readily grant, but no reasonable person will deny that his was the first and is still the most brilliant and comprehensive generalization regarding industry which has ever been put forth. And, as we come to understand better the various standpoints which contributed to his generalization, we see that he achieved a startling synthesis. Our task is to include the omitted and evolved factors, and proceed to a similar method.

Industrial organization has far outrun the simple form in which Karl Marx was permitted to view it; as he foresaw in part, we are now confronted with a civilization in which industry is, if not quite the whole, at least so large a part that it dictates our way of life. "No one, apparently, can evade industry's pervasive influence or wholly escape the tyranny of manufactured things." Who controls this "pervasive influence"? In what direction does it influence? How is control sustained? Back of control in its collective form stand individual personalities. What are they like? What goes on in their minds? These, in restricted terms, are the questions which Mr. Houser has attempted to answer in his book, "What Employers Think." (Incidentally, this is the first volume to result from the Jacob Wertheim Fellowship for the Betterment of Industrial Relations, which was founded in 1923.) Mr. Houser's motives are worthy; many of us are eager to learn what kind of attitudes, thought-processes and idea-patterns are characteristic of these new rulers of the earth. Mr. Houser protests that his mission is to humanize the business executive, and he believes that the first step in this procedure is to get behind catch-phrases and into the psychological texture of living personalities. So far, so good; but how is this difficult task to be performed? Underlying Mr. Houser's thesis are two important hypotheses which need to be thoroughly examined. For example, he assumes that one may learn how an employer is likely to behave, how he thinks, by asking *him*. From the point of view of method it is, of course, essential to provide some check for what the employer thinks he thinks. Statistical sufficiency, which apparently Mr. Houser trusts, but does not use in this study, is not enough. His volume provides some important clues on how to find out what the employer (or anyone else, for that matter) thinks, but something more is needed to give greater reliability to the *what* in his title. And, still speaking of the method involved, Mr. Houser has himself made significant advances in other studies which have followed, but which have not been published. His second assumption, which is more explicit, derives from his philosophy, his outlook on the world of labor. He clearly believes that the humanizing of business executives will solve the industrial problem. This over-simplifies the situation; the executive looks like the causal unit in the total equation, but that is so largely because he initiates, or appears to initiate, the important activities; as a matter of larger fact, he stands somewhere in the line of five or six other human units of equal importance; he is not the agent whose will determines the sequence, but rather one of the many wills which act in a given way because of their place in the interrelated sequence. If industry could

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be supplied on the morrow with humanized executives of the sort Mr. Houser envisages, the total change to our industrial system would probably be slight. What Mr. Houser succeeds in doing in this volume is this: he points out a field of research which, if accompanied with an appropriate method, promises rich results.

From the point of view of outlook and perspective, Mr. Robert Dunn is everything that Mr. Houser is not. He is belligerently on the side of labor. Many of the attitudes and practices which Mr. Houser regards as gateways toward better understanding between employees and employers are distinct evils in the eyes of Mr. Dunn. When the employer accepts some scheme of employee-representation, Mr. Houser thinks he is becoming more human, more liberal; when Mr. Dunn views the same activity, he believes it to be nothing more than another plot to defeat organized labor. And Mr. Dunn has, from his point of view, presented us with a series of facts and illustrations which are arresting, if not startling. He describes what employers have done, since the War, to minimize the power of organized labor, through open-shop campaigns, employers' associations, black-lists, spies, injunctions, company unions, and through personnel and welfare activities. The sum-total of these practices he epitomizes as the "Americanization of Labor." This is, of course, a cynical term, and no one can read his account of this trend without becoming in some degree a participator in despair. Mr. Dunn has challenged, not merely the optimistic good-willers who believe that the industrial millennium will arrive when a few employers and labor leaders are reformed, but also the easy-going, evolutionary or reformist socialists who believe that capitalism is slowly but inevitably emerging from its profit-motive cocoon into the clear sunlight of industrial democracy. To Mr. Dunn, the equation can be stated only in terms of clean-cut conflict; the class war is the great reality. And the moral of his book is an admonition to labor to gird its loins anew for the coming battle. He urges organized labor to stand upon its own feet, to renounce the philanthropies of capitalists, and to go forth upon a new front, namely, politics. If, as Mr. Dunn believes, the industrial question can be realistically stated only in terms of class warfare, then the logical procedure is to choose weapons. Since the so-called capitalist system receives its sanctions from law and the state, this is also the point of attack for labor. Trade unions can do something, in the meantime, by experimenting with new techniques, but, in the end, a comprehensive labor party is the essential desideratum.

Neither of these books is scientific, in a strict sense, but each is symptomatic. Mr. Dunn's candid partisanship is refreshing, but not scientific; Mr. Houser's doubts and wishes as deduced from his employer-attitude studies lead toward scientific reflection, but they do not as yet provide us with usable scientific facts or generalizations. Together these volumes point in the direction of industrial science, and this is the important consideration. We are drawing nearer to a psychological approach to industrial problems. Workers and capitalists are being viewed, not merely as functional parts of industrial organizations, but rather as psychological entities. This trend began with Carleton Parker's explorations into the "minds" of itinerant laborers in the West, and was carried on by the studies of Whiting Williams. The danger, of course, in such investigations is that ancient tyrant, subjectivism. From the scientific point of view, however, another danger arises, namely, a further abstraction of the problem, due to partial approaches. As indicated in the beginning of this review, what is now needed is a venture in the direction of synthetic method. Emphasis upon the isolated psychological element in the industrial equation is sure to present the problem in partial, if not false, terms. It is, perhaps, too much to ask Mr. Houser and Mr. Dunn to undertake a joint research in the area of employer-attitudes, but if they could, the result would be, not merely more interesting but certainly more trustworthy than their individual works. Case-studies of industrial control in which economic, sociological and psychological factors were considered jointly as varying ways of evaluating behavior might lead us more surely toward an industrial science. Until such coöperative efforts begin, we shall need to be content to travel the byways and paths which point out where the goal lies.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Carlyle at the Turn

Carlyle at His Zenith, (1848-1853), by David Alec Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 507 pages. $5.

THERE are at least two things to be said for Mr. David Alec Wilson and the plan upon which he is building his six-volume "Life of Carlyle," now within sight of completion. The first is that Carlyle is so great a figure, bestriding English life for half a century, that his career and the legend associated with it demanded a full survey. The second is that there was a plain necessity for the work of his chosen biographer to be done over again. Froude was not by any means all bad. His "Life of Carlyle" was one of the earliest official biographies in English done with a purpose of candor. Froude set out to be frank. But he was a confused partisan, and he was incapable of handling documents as the moderns insist upon their being handled. Mr. Wilson, therefore, in his effort to discover everything about Carlyle and to record most of it, is doing something that had to be done. But to say this is not the same as to say that his method deserves the praise bestowed upon it by some eminent pens. He writes notes upon all the incidents, and for almost all the people who came into contact with Carlyle, throwing them into very brief chapters. And he lays under contribution, on the most lavish scale, the reminiscences of certain friends of Carlyle. Thus, he is indebted for some of the best things in the present instalment to Gavin Duffy's animated narrative of Carlyle's tour in Ireland after the famine. This is all very well; but the result, after all, is merely a Carlyle miscellany, out of which some writer of discernment will doubtless some day construct a skillful Life.

This fourth volume ends with Carlyle's immersion in "Frederick the Great," as he was nearing his sixtieth year. He was an historian without a special period. He had done the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," his most miserable book, and the "Life of John Sterling," his happiest, and his perplexity over the choice of a major subject suited to his powers made a painful episode. The prolonged hesitation ("Shall I try Frederick or not try him?" he was continually asking) was almost certain to end in a disastrous decision; so that, while Mr. Wilson is hardly right in speaking of the five years here covered as Carlyle's zenith, he is near enough in that the descent begins from the hour of Carlyle's resolve to do Frederick on the heroic scale. Mr. Wilson follows the lead of Froude in

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giving summaries of Carlyle's books. These are unnecessary, and all the more so because Mr. Wilson's literary judgments are apt to be fantastic. What, for instance, is to be thought of a writer who thinks that Coleridge will be remembered only because Carlyle has enshrined him in the "Life of Sterling"? That picture is a gem; but Coleridge's own gem will last longer than all but the rarest produced in his age. Nor, one would suggest to Mr. Wilson, is there anything either sensible or funny in referring to George Sand as "Mrs. Dudevant, the French fictioneer." One would have liked Mrs. Carlyle's comment on that. S. K. R.

"The Bonney Family"

The Bonney Family, by Ruth Suckow. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ANOTHER Iowa interior is revealed in Ruth Suckow's new novel—that of the parsonage at Morning Sun, where living is plain, thinking artless, and behavior according to a simple code of affectionate loyalty. Against a decorative background designed with minute and loving precision, the Bonney family portraits are ranged rather than grouped. There is Father, whose conception of his calling is of a ministry to human needs of human sympathy, childlike in his own dependence upon warm personal relationships. Mother, practical and serene—her once-separate self so long ago set aside for the family she sustains as to be forgotten by her and unimaginable by them. Warren, the brooding rebel tamed by an almost chance success. Sarah, plain and reliable, standing next to Mother in the family structure—cramming the wastebasket with her youthful poems when she leaves the absorbing business of a city settlement behind for that of looking after Father—"making over" life, time and again, to get the *best* wear out of it. And the twins Wilma and Wilfred, lightly drawn but high in key: the spoilt pretty girl desperately in need of other people's devotion, the boy with his love of animals and his amiable hobbies—wiped out in France.

The artist balances her figures and values with sure delicacy. The father's bright simplicity, the mother's opaque abnegation, the clear naïve dependence of the twins, lead up to and emphasize the sturdy solidity, the depth of emotional coloring, of Sarah's portrait, which emerges as the focal point of the composition—and the story becomes hers as it approaches her unquestioning self-sacrifice and the anti-climax, after her father's second marriage, of her return to what remains of personal opportunity. Miss Suckow's narrative pictures are naturalistic rather than realistic in any critical sense. Her American interiors have the social quality of Morland's English scenes rather than the satirical harshness of Hogarth's—the harshness that characterizes much of our contemporary realism. While presenting the facts of simple, common lives with meticulous fidelity, she confesses faith in verities beyond the facts.

D. B. WOOLSEY.

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